AMERICAN FIN-DE-SIÈCLE by Alfred Kazin

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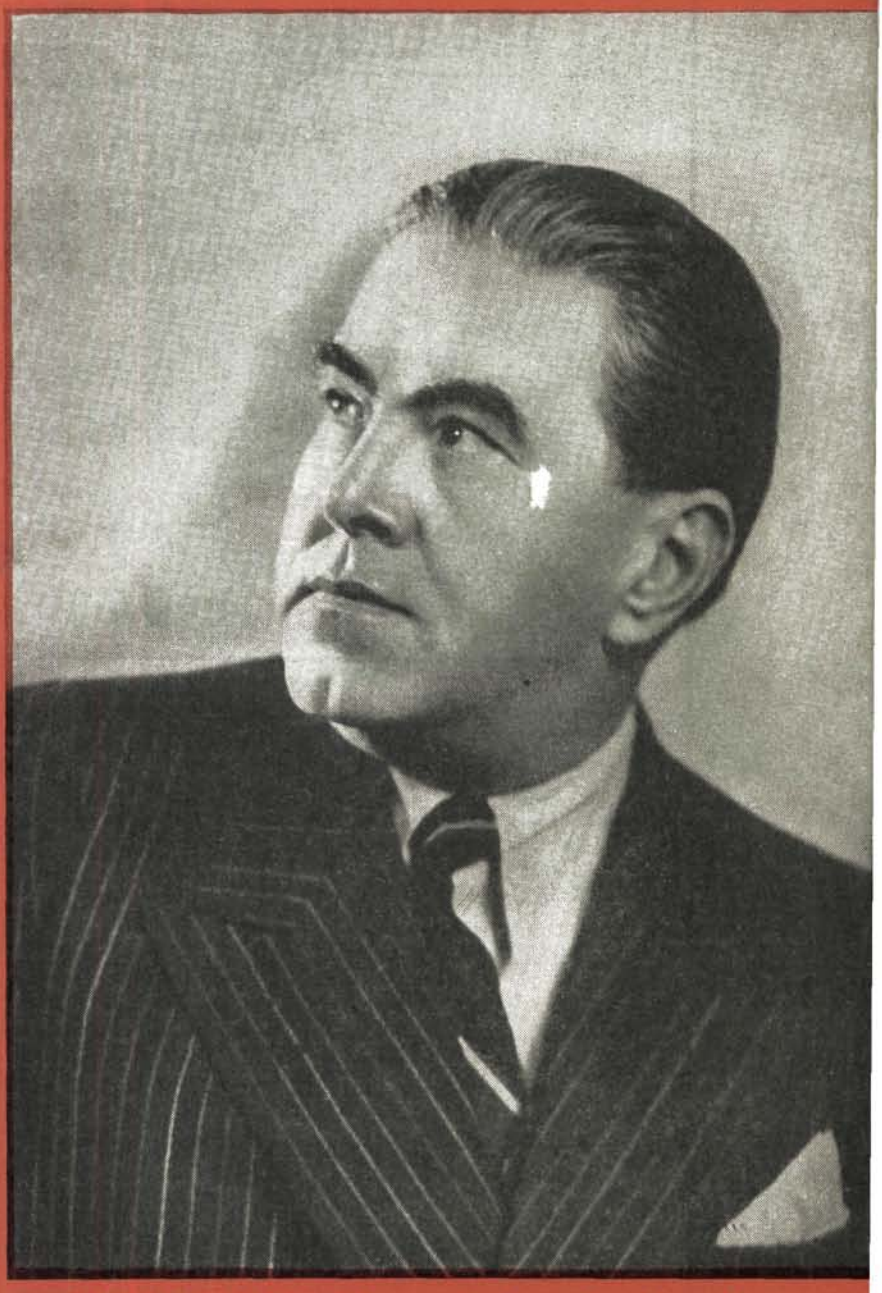

ZSOLT DE HARSANYI: "Any novelist knows that the truth about anyone can only be told in fiction" . . . *(See page 5)*

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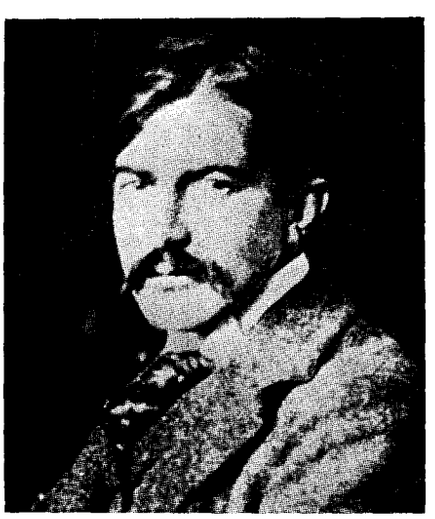
American Fin-de-Siècle

BY ALFRED KAZIN

FIN-DE-SIÈCLE is a stale phrase today for the ferment of mind that fired the closing years of the nineteenth century with innovation and scandal and has left a train of giggles in its wake. It was an upsurge that never attained the dignity of a movement, but was always more thunderous. To intellectual Europe in the nineties it signified a resurgence of that vague sense of liberation in the arts that it had not enjoyed since the supplanting of the romantic movement in literature by scientific materialism. To political Europe it was the dawn of the imperialist holiday. The Yellow Press and a yellow literature flowered together. Men discovered modern art and Cecil Rhodes discovered South Africa. The end of the century, like the end of many another century, saw a frenzied search for novelty and an impulse toward a slashing independence. The "century of hope," which had seen so many heart-driven utopias raised and dismantled one by one, quickened with life as it drew to its end. It was as if the anticipation of the racial birthday had spurred it on to some last effort. Everywhere in Europe men who were conscious of the smoldering of old fires hungered for newness, and stopped at the borders of art for a New Realism, a New Spirit, a New Hedonism, a New Drama, and a New Socialism. The New Woman wound her way out of the old cocoon. In a loud, coarse voice, a slightly mad German-Jewish physician who fancied himself a pathologist of genius, but was possessed only of barbarous taste and an extraordinary memory for names, thundered his apocalypse at a degenerating humanity. "One epoch of history is unmistakably in its decline, and another is announcing its approach," shrilled Max Nordau in the long and dull book that is remembered partly as a curiosity and chiefly because it evoked Bernard Shaw's "Sanity of Art." "There is a sound of rending in every tradition, and it is as though the morrow would not link itself with today. Things as they are totter and plunge, and they are suffered to reel and fall, because man is weary . . . "



Stephen Crane: "No one in America had written like him before" . . .

In England it was the Yellow Decade, in France the heyday of the newer than new poets, in Italy the springtide of d'Annunzio, in Germany and Scandinavia the last triumphant stand of Wagner and Ibsen, in Russia the bare autumn that saw a Chekhov succeed a Tolstoy. In America, busy digesting industrialism, it was only the Naughty Decade. Its letters were a backwash of the English literary revolution led by Wells, Shaw, and Kipling, which was characteristically more than a decade behind that of France. Yet from the first there were native Americans in personal relations with the immoral creatures, then all vaguely suggestive of Oscar Wilde, who were busy remaking the contours of European literature. *The Yellow Book,* whose yellow covers hid its effete contents so successfully that they have colored all criticism of its period ever since, was edited by an American, Henry Harland. He was a mediocre and ambitious writer who spent most of his extra-literary life nagging at other people's reputations. His greatest regret, like James MacNeill Whistler's, seems to have been that he was not born at St. Petersburg. He tried vaguely to pass himself off as a descendant of English nobility, and deeply resented the fame of Aubrey Beardsley and Max Beerbohm, feeling that his lowly American origin was held against him. He tried his best to be a good European.

After the death of the *Yellow Book,* Harland, like Joris-Karl Huysmans, the satanic priest of decadence, meditated between the gallows and the cross, and finally found his way to Rome. His first novels had been written around Jewish-American life in New York under the pseudonym of "Sidney Luska," but later he went in for sugary and lacy stories of the British aristocracy, Italian landscapes, and love among the French. Between 1890 and the *Yellow Book* he published his popular success, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," which was genteel enough to please the taste of an audience at the turn of the century that wanted sad romances of the nobility against backgrounds reminiscent of Zenda and Graustark.

James Gibbons Huneker: his "subject was genius. He cared for little else" . . .

The abrupt and convulsive movement of the American artist away from his origins that had marked him from the first, and which in its modern phase left Stephen Crane to die in Germany, Henry James in England, Lafcadio Hearn in Japan, and Ambrose Bierce presumably in Mexico, saw two American poets, Francis Viele-Griffin and Stuart Merrill, abandon their native tongue to write in French. Stuart Merrill was a New Englander whose father was counsel-

Next Week

ON A DARKLING PLAIN
By WALLACE STEGNER
Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell

THE DANGER OF BEING A GENTLEMAN
By HAROLD J. LASKI
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

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lor to the American legation in Paris. Educated in France, he returned to study law in America by his father's wish, but lived out his life in Paris and wrote always in French. He was an Emerson too deeply influenced by Baudelaire; amidst the cacklings of the literary partisans in Paris he preserved the conscience and the slow, forward instincts of the Golden Day.

One by one the quavering old voices from the past ceased. Bancroft died in 1891, and the same year saw Melville end his long enslavement to the world of law that had nourished his imperishable bitterness. Whittier and Whitman went in 1892, Parkman in 1893, Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1894, Mrs. Stowe two years later. By 1895 the seeds of a new unity in American life were actively germinating. The generation that had fought the Civil War and plucked its first fruits in industrial progress was sinking. The great Columbian Exposition of 1893 proclaimed the greatness of Chicago, and its environs, America. Then, as the great panic broke, the smoldering fury of two decades of privation and defeat unleashed thousands of farmers along the Middle Border and steel workers in Pennsylvania to rise in the upsurge that was to frighten the swollen titans of industry and finance out of their wits. After the comfort of Bryan's narrow defeat, the greatness of America swelled into imperialism. Cuba libre was Hearst triumphant. "A blackguard boy with several million dollars at his disposal," fulminated the genteel Godkin in the *Nation,* "has more influence on the use a great nation may make of its credit, of its army and navy, of its name and traditions, than all the statesmen and philosophers and professors in the country."

Richard Harding Davis and the Hearst-Pulitzer Press war were the two outstanding events in the literary history of the American people in the nineties. The golden boy of the period, Davis personified the union of literature and life to thousands who knew nothing of the literature of protest rumbling from the West, or the exotic importations in New York. Everybody knew that Hearst had paid him $500 to report a single Yale-Princeton football game, knew him for the handsome lad in the Charles Dana Gibson drawings, chuckled over his escapades, his scoop at the coronation of Nicholas II in St. Petersburg, his brashness and reassuring presence at the Spanish-American War. No war was quite first-rate, it was commonly felt, without Davis at it as the lordly correspondent. His "Gallegher," reluctantly printed in *Scribner's* by Richard Watson Gilder, was an introduction to realism for a generation that doted on fancy fiction. The daring note was struck by Richard Hovey in open-shirt ballads from "Songs from Vagabondia." In 1897 the Fortieth Anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* then limping like a majestic dowager with her hat askew through vulgar thoroughfares, boasted as its most distinguished offering a paper by the distinguished French critic, Ferdinand Brunetière. The American names

Richard Harding Davis "personified the union of literature and life to thousands who knew nothing of the literature of protest rumbling from the West" . . .

in it were hardly loud enough to be even an echo of the names that were gone. Literature had become exalted and serenely self-satisfied.

Richard Watson Gilder was the high panjandrum of the genteel tradition. He treasured and nursed an ideal of purity that was as hollow as it was soft. When Robert Louis Stevenson passed through New York, Gilder refused to receive him in the offices of the *Century.* He had heard rumors about the Scotchman's private life, and could not consider him quite respectable. When the *Yellow Book* came his way, he threw up his hands in horror. He was a Victorian gentleman, well remembered for his great kindness, who was confined by some tragic mischance to an American wilderness that boasted but one literate coast. He made up for it by his devotion to the garlanded memory of Keats, winsome lyrics, and by sitting at the tables of gracious millionaires who patronized the arts.

Irving Bacheller, then a high-powered publishing executive, could sneer at the "highbrow decade," but the foreign poisons seeped through. Highbrowism was the affectation of the lonely. The pioneers of exoticism in the nineties were chiefly newspapermen, to whom the vague suggestiveness of French lyricism brought the thrill of absinthe. Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia, a redoubtable scholar and historian of classical philology, Harry Thurston Peck stood squarely in the timid nineties for an interest in foreign literature that threatened, as the decade ran out, to destroy the hold of literary colonialism in America. He could shock guests at a dinner by proclaiming Balzac Shakespeare's equal, "and in psychology, Shakespeare's superior." He insinuated himself into a slight notoriety by trumpeting such unholy names as Kraft-Ebbing, redolent of sex, and Laforgue, mischievously obscure. Yet he was not a great force. His energy was superb, his clothes, thanks to a defective vision that destroyed any color sense, as dashing as Oscar Wilde's waistcoats; but in his heart he was a good Yankee Puritan, and if he bubbled in the classroom, he shuddered when a stronger wind than any he could guess blew his way. Few men in his generation knew so much and labored so valiantly in the vineyard of criticism; few in so wide a circuit of ideas contributed so little to the forward thrust of the decade.

It was Vance Thompson and James Huneker who more than any others cut through the traditional heritage to be the intermediaries between Paris, capital of the new spirit, and America. At a time when the popular novelists of the day were Robert Barr, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Mrs. W. R. Clifford, and Stanley Weyman, when the general notion of a *littérateur* was Brander Matthews, Thompson talked suavely and caressingly of Maeterlinck, with whom he had promenaded the streets of Brussels; and Verlaine, whom he had seen mooning over his drink in a Left Bank café. Educated in the eighties at Jena and Heidelberg after anonymous years at Princeton, he returned to America early in the decade with a monocle, a talent for publicity, and an extraordinary capacity for conveying his immeasurable contempt for his doltish countrymen in trippingly empty prose that was as glazed on the surface as it was bare of ideas.

With Huneker, Thompson edited one of the lively satiric periodicals, *M'lle New York,* that with *Town Topics*

(*Continued on page* 11)

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Galileo's Life in a Biographical Novel

THE STAR-GAZER. By Zsolt de Harsanyi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 572 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

MOST scientists are not promising subjects for romantic fiction. Men in whom telescopes or pages of algebraic symbols provoke breath-taking audacities and intolerable excitements usually regard love and war and all other occasions for physical displacement as annoying interruptions. Galileo Galilei was a normal and fortunate member of the most sedentary class of scientists, the mathematical astronomers. His genius was recognized early; he passed from one lucrative and honorable post to another; rulers and princes of the church were his solicitous patrons throughout his long, busy, placid life. Even his one famous involvement with the inquisition, when he was nearly seventy, was the result not of an act of heroic defiance but of political miscalculation, and cost him less inconvenience while it was being adjusted than did his chronic rheumatism. His symbolic punishment, following an unnecessarily abject retraction, amounted to no more than a few months as the honored house guest of a cardinal and retirement to his own villa, practically in his own custody. Only in the field of pure science was Galileo an epic hero.

Galileo Galilei: "No one knows now what Galileo was really like,...but this warm-hearted, absent-minded, impulsive man ... is a living and believable creation" ...

This biographical novel (except for a few imaginary but relatively unimportant and quite plausible incidents, it might be called a biography) does not seek to romanticize Galileo, either in his private life or in his scientific relations. Obviously its author has read comprehensively the voluminous published materials and reflected deeply upon them; obviously he has written with an eye single to the truth, refusing to be tempted by the glitter of apocryphal legends like the famous "Eppur si muove!" and reconstructing lost incidents and interviews with a close attention to the hints the documents afford. Why then cast the story as fiction? A reviewer may guess at a willingness to avoid controversy with the jealous tribe of Galileo specialists. Instead of an elaborate defense of the views of Signor Qualcuno against the objections of Herr Dr. Nichtig, the novelist is free to shrug "Why not—in a story?—" and even the specialist cannot be offended. A novelist may weave guesses among his facts and fill in exasperating lacunae with tact and imagination. The contemporaries of famous persons were so negligent in recording what we would most like to know.

But probably the chief reason why this story of the life of Galileo is a novel is that Zsolt de Harsanyi is a novelist—a distinguished one—and what interests him is the truth of human character. Any novelist knows that the truth about anyone can only be told in fiction and must derive its validity not from footnotes, but from the skill and insight of the teller. No one knows now what Galileo was really like; probably no one ever knew, not even Galileo himself; but this warm-hearted, absent-minded, impulsive, hesitant, stubborn, humble man with his conventional piety and radical intelligence is a living and believable creation. Galileo must have been like this, and one is glad to know him.

Inevitably this novel will be compared with Merejkowski's "Romance of Leonardo da Vinci;" even the publishers do so on the jacket, under the impression apparently that they are paying their author a compliment. Readers should be warned that "The Star-Gazer" is not draped in veils of pious mysticism or spangled with jewels from Madame Tussaud's, that it is neither pompous nor pretentious, that the only excitement in it derives legitimately from its subject, and that its unassuming view of life is more profound than it seems instead of seeming more profound than it is.

Zsolt de Harsanyi, at fifty-two, combines the careers of journalist, novelist, and theatrical manager; in the last-named capacity he has adapted a number of American plays for the Hungarian theater. He has in project a novel about the Renaissance monarch who introduced printing into Hungary. Mr. Harsanyi lives in Budapest.

Annals of the Poor

RIVER OF EARTH. By James Still. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY GOLD

MR. STILL's book is the novel that one would expect from the author of that fine volume of poems, "Hounds on the Mountain." Its material is drawn from the mountains of Kentucky, and the story is told with the same clarity and strength born of restraint that characterized the earlier book. It is a first novel, but the economy of its style and the directness of its aim give evidence of a mature and intelligently used talent.

Properly speaking, however, "River of Earth" is not really a novel. It is rather a series of short stories and episodes, telling a more or less connected story, and dealing with the same group of characters. It is a segment of life, presented with unassuming and quiet simplicity. You can read the whole of it in an evening, and with profit to yourself, for its achievement as an artistic creation of a people and a locale is as sound as its pretensions are modest.

The story is told by a boy who has just turned seven when the book opens. His father is a miner, but during the frequent slack seasons they move from the mines to mountain farms. Their lives are poor; frequently there is not enough to eat, and the youngest child dies, presumably of malnutrition. The mother hates life in the mining "camps" and longs to stay somewhere long enough to feel at home, in a place where the children can go to school and where the scenery will not be mine tipples and slag piles. But Brack Baldridge would sooner dig underground than scrape his living from the top of the earth, and they move about

James Still

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from place to place, always leaving things behind.

A drab, poverty-oppressed life, but to a growing, sensitive boy there are adventures and education to be had. He learns the significance of birth and death in the lives of the farm animals. Slowly the meaning of life begins to unfold to the boy who thinks it is something magical to have turned seven, hardly guessing how limited is the horizon he and his people know.

Too many recent regional novelists have ardently rung changes on the note of "how quaint!" and have succeeded only in giving us indigestible wads of dialect. Expounding the group peculiarities of an isolated people, they give us warped characters completely unable to evoke our sympathy or understanding. "River of Earth" has avoided this pitfall. True, its setting is individualized in every detail, the language of the Kentucky mountains is rendered as faithfully as it can be without recourse to phonetics, and the daily lives of the people are described with vividness. But in presenting his Kentucky mountaineers as products of their heredity and environment, living within their own traditions, Mr. Still has not forgotten that first of all they are simply people, suffering the heartaches and rejoicing in the delights common to all of us. Thus his characters are endowed with vigor and stature, and their lives with importance for us. His preacher puts it this way: "Oh, my children, where air we going on this mighty river of earth, a-borning, begetting, and a-dying—the living and the dead riding the waters? . . ."

A Novel of Revolution

SONS AND FATHERS. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. P. MARQUAND

ONCE a non-cosmopolitan reader has penetrated the veil of Russian nomenclature sufficiently to identify the characters of "Sons and Fathers," and if he can push through a few pages of an unskillful beginning, he will find that Mr. Maurice Hindus has written a novel of the Russian revolution which every American, bourgeois or liberal, might do worse than study. "Sons and Fathers" is neither a left nor a right wing novel and avoids the heavy-footed horrors of both these houses. It is a passionless and yet compassionate study of the phenomenon of social change, and of the stark psychology of proletarian revolt, as revealed by the conflict of a son, a liberal humanitarian intellectual, with a father who is a white-hot Marxist. Mr. Hindus has succeeded in drawing these two skillfully and impartially.

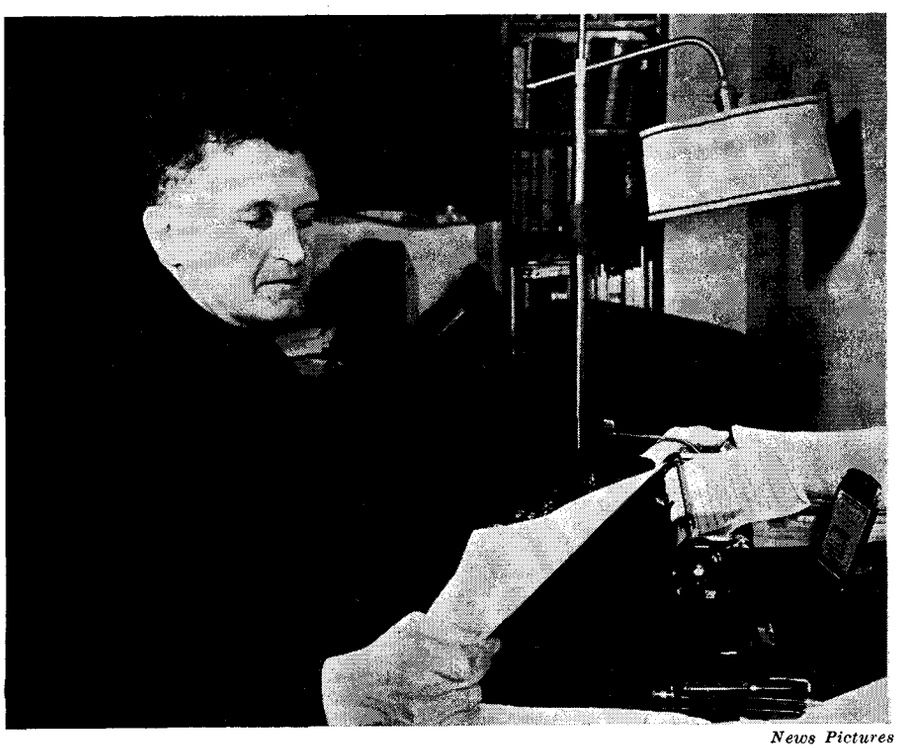
When Kolya Mitosa was fifteen and living with his maternal grandfather, who taught him a Tolstoian love for his fellow man, Kolya first saw Irina, a girl about his age. He does not see her again until he is grown. Then they meet, fall in love, and become engaged. He is afraid at first that Irina will be shocked to learn that his father is Mitosa, the implacable and popular Revolutionist, who has been for years exiled with his mother in the farthest reaches of Siberia. Irina does not mind. She is like Kolya, believing in reform and the eventual uplift of the people. She wishes to spend her life with Kolya, not as the wife of a great surgeon, although Kolya has exhibited a high degree of scientific and surgical skill, but as the wife of a country doctor, who is to dedicate his life to humble and hidden service. She is delighted when her father, a Cossack colonel, back from the front, gives both of them his blessing. The curtain drops on them for a moment —on Kolya, a good example of the intelligentsia, not unlike a good many of our own parlor pinks, and Irina, who shares his views, but at the same time loves her father, a traditional, professional soldier.

The Kerensky revolution and the overthrow of the Czar, like all events in this book, are apparent only as they affect the characters. Old Mitosa and his wife with other exiles return to Petrograd. Mitosa is reconciled to no such pap as the Kerensky philosophy. Instead of being a broken-down old man, as Kolya had pictured him after his years in the Siberian wilds, Mitosa is vital, gay, and tireless. He is happy with his son, until they discuss ideology —a discussion which Mr. Hindus has managed to make tense and dramatic. Kolya is horrified by his father's cold and practical brutality, though the reader can understand and yet not be revolted by Mitosa's point of view. History, he tells Kolya, is about to explode; there will be no room for humanitarian intelligentsia in this explosion; there can be no quarter for the bourgeoisie until the means of production is wrenched from them forever; a man to live and save himself must read Marx until the words of Marx sink inside him and become a flame. He says:

> "You see the intelligentsia shudder and weep at the drops of blood they see with their eyes, but the streams of blood their eyes don't see in factories, on landed estates, in slums, in barracks, on battlefields, and that never cease to flow all over the world, the blood of the toiling masses, make them at most moan with pity or disgust. But revolutionaries don't so much mind the drops of blood they see with their eyes or they shed with their hands. It's the streams of blood they don't always see that fill them with rage and that once for all they want to dry up, whatever the cost."

It is not the present which one must think of, Mitosa told Kolya; there can be no gradual emancipation; no compromise; it is the future of humanity that matters.

"So to fight the bourgeois barbar-



News Pictures

Maurice Hindus "can sympathize with two worlds" . . .

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ian, you'd yourself become a barbarian?"

Mitosa didn't answer.

"Would you? Would you? Why don't you answer?"

"The bourgeois barbarian must be destroyed with whatever weapons we can lay our hands on—else he'll destroy everybody, including himself."

"But in fighting the barbarian with barbarism you yourselves become barbarians, don't *you*—don't you?"

There you have an eternal sort of difference of two opinions which cannot exist together—the dramatic sort of clash out of which good fiction and drama can be made.

History explodes with the Bolshevik revolution. Though Kolya is a hospital surgeon, supposedly inured to the suffering of others, the Revolution is too much for him. He is weak and ineffective as he lives before this background. Irina's father becomes a leader in a counter revolt. She is twice arrested by the Cheka, and Mitosa frees her twice when his son intercedes. Finally she joins her father and they are shot by Red guards while attempting an escape across the frontier. Insane with rage, Kolya blames his father for her death and levels a pistol at him, but as an intellectual with an intellectual's training he cannot consummate this act of violence. He is shattered by the granite within the older man.

This, briefly, is the story of "Sons and Fathers." It is told, for the most part, simply and convincingly, by a man who can sympathize with two worlds. It is unfortunate for the strength of the story, at least from an American viewpoint, that it is interspersed with considerable Slavic hysteria. It is also unfortunate that Kolya, in representing the intellectual, is below the average in decisive clearheadness. Mitosa, a l o n e, s t a n d s through the storm, implacably consistent. In Mitosa Mr. Hindus has achieved a revolutionary whom anyone, even a bourgeois, can reluctantly admire—an achievement, indeed, in the present emotional epoch. The purpose of his book is to show the futility of the intelligentsia in revolution. The theme is expressed tersely in a quotation from Turgeniev which begins the novel:

> . . . You're not made for our bitter, rough, lonely existence. There's no dash, no hate in you. . . . We want to smash other people! You're a capital fellow; but for all that you're a sugary liberal snob!

In the struggles of Kolya Mr. Hindus accomplishes t h i s purpose, if Kolya represents his class. "Sons and Fathers" should be required reading for every liberal, who wants to mend the station and keep the train running while he mends it. In fact, it is profitable reading for anyone.

The Making of an Actress

LETTERS TO MARY: The Story of Helen Hayes. By Catherine Hayes Brown. New York: Random House. 1940. 343 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

IT would be difficult to imagine a m o r e effective reader-repellant than the device employed by Mrs. Brown to tell the life story of her brilliant, famous daughter. Each brief section salutes Mrs. Brown's granddaughter as "Mary darling"; each closes with the rather needless assurance that Mary has all Grandma's love, and now and then the beaming grandparent pauses to enquire of the, one suspects, rather alarmed grandchild whether this is not all too wonderful. At first glance, one would suppose that the coyness of this would inevitably lead to the disaster which overtook Mrs. Parker on that memorable occasion which found her knee-deep in Mr. Milne.

Second, third, and fourth glances leave a similar feeling of insecurity. And then an odd and rather pleasant thing happens. The mind rejects the whole device as too implausible, the eye ignores salutation, subscription, and rhetorical interrogation, and the stomach quiets. Because, in spite of everything, this is not primarily a sugary book. There is the salt of personality in it. Mrs. Brown's superficial naïveté proves to have astringency under the surface. Miss Hayes emerges charmingly, as one seen not only with love but with perception, and the book takes on character and flavor. It is informal and chatty, and it is for practical purposes without gush.

Nor is it, like so many biographies of these bright people of the stage, a m e r e run-through of triumphs. Grandma takes Helen from the start, and makes no bones about anything in those starting days. Mrs. Brown decided that Helen was going on the stage and Mrs. Brown, by God, got Helen on the stage, and not anything that Mr. Brown had to say mattered in the least. Mr. Brown remains, through much of the book, a low, offstage murmur of dissent and Mrs. Brown stays, through all of it, the actress's mother—ingenuous, a little meddling perhaps, and mighty determined to see that daughter gets her share of what is going. Mrs. Brown admits her role, with a tolerant smile at herself. Helen got there, didn't she?

The reader gets there with Helen —with Helen when she was a child actress to John Drew's lead, in the days when Mr. Drew dined off a fresh bottle of Haig and Haig; with Helen

Vandamm

Helen Hayes, Mary, and Mrs. Brown

when she assisted William Gillette; with Helen when she played "Pollyanna," with the sneaking realization that it was what it was, to a sobbing audience of cow-punchers in Montana, whose audible gulps of emotion gave her the erroneous impression that she was being booed. There were grand days in those years of growing up, preparing in the only way there is to be the kind of brilliant actress Miss Hayes has become. There are glimpses of people—from Mr. Drew to Uncle Alec—and cheerful accounts of days when it was no fun to be an actress's mother and have a hundred dollars in the bank and to have daughter buy a grand piano. There are dozens of sidelights, planned and unintentional, on Miss Hayes herself, and almost as many more on "Brownie" who, as Charles MacArthur notes in a foreword, detests "ham." (Mr. MacArthur really should have warned her against the letter device, which is all ham and a foot thick.)

Mrs. Brown isn't, in her own world —which became the theater, apparently, some fifteen minutes after Helen was born—by any means a bad judge of "ham." Helen never was that, one suspects; in the nature of her exceptional gifts could never have been. But she was not always the great actress of "Victoria Regina," and when she wasn't Mrs. Brown knew the difference. Miss Hayes had her artistic troubles, like anyone else, and her mother seldom applies gloss. Her mother's story of her is for people who love to read about the theater, and admire Miss Hayes and want to know what actresses are *really* like. One can always scratch out the "Mary darlings" when they get too bad.

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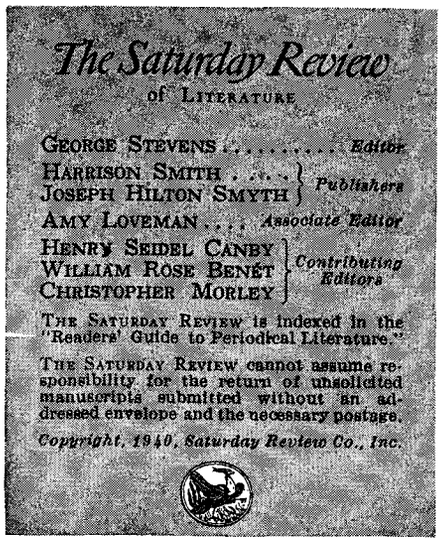
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"Fifteen Magazines"

IN Mr. Thurber's "The Male Animal," an ex-half-back boasts of his literacy. He never reads a book, but he subscribes to fifteen magazines. It is a characteristic gesture, especially of the American male.

We all know that the United States is not, in proportion to its population, a book-reading nation. We all know that it leads the world in the production of magazines and the reading thereof. Yet the significance for literacy of these two facts is not generally understood. So many books are serialized, at least in part, in magazines, that those concerned with the amount of intellectual vitamin in the diet of the public, comfort themselves by saying that even ex-half-backs who never read a book, get the substance of good books in their magazines.

Some of them may; most of them do not. In truth, there is a wider differentiation now between books and magazine literature than ever before in reading history. The stories and articles which command the highest prices in the popular magazines are presumably paid for so well because they are the most widely read. Yet, generally speaking, either they are never republished in book form, or, if they are, have no commensurate success among readers and critics of books. Many a best seller on the book lists has never been serialized at all. Many a magazine serial, for which a fabulous price has been paid, when it is published in book form never gets beyond the underworld of the lending-library, and is often not very successful there. Book readers and magazine readers, however their legions may overlap, seem to want different qualities in their reading.

A striking illustration can be supplied from recent literary history. One of our short-story writers has been recently celebrated in the press for the really extraordinary sum he had earned in less than a year by short-story writing. There was no question as to the readability, and what might be called the magazine excellence, of these stories. They were competent and interest-catching to a high degree. Read in their magazine context, they impressed even a professional critic by their technical expertness and the charm of their humanity. But when these stories were published more recently in book form, they were given only passing notice. In a book, they seemed slight, ephemeral, monotonous, mere surface patterns lightly sketched from American behavior.

The same kind of estimate may fairly be made of the dozens of books published annually which are made up of series of articles on affairs—domestic, foreign, economic, social, political—which had been first published in magazines of medium to large circulation. In the magazines these articles may have seemed impressive, in the books they are not. Such books seldom take a place among the important publications of the year. They seldom last long. Indeed, like collections of magazine short stories, they seldom sell well, are often bad investments for the publisher, who has usually reprinted the magazine contributions of a well-known name in the hope that some day he may get a real book. There are, or seem to be, of course, notable exceptions to this rule, but it will be found, generally, that they are not exceptions; that, in such instances, the book has been written first, and sections of it only have been excerpted or adapted for magazine publication.

It is probable that the male animal, with his fifteen magazines, does not profit even by the material of book quality that finds its way somehow into his periodicals. The law of reading is a law of interest. A magazine reader is most likely to be attracted by writing skillfully contrived to catch his attention for brief spells of reading. He does not sit down to a magazine as one does to a book. It is a short term not a long term investment of his time. Professional critics are often surprised to hear quite uncritical readers condemn a book as being too light, too inconsiderable for their tastes. That they should say so is not very surprising. When they pick up a book they want substance not fluff. But unfortunately, such readers seldom pick up a book.

If there is a moral in all this, it is a double one. The reader who thinks that he can become literate in the truest sense by magazine reading alone, deludes himself. There are vitamins in his diet, but not all the vitamins. He is contenting himself with the same kind of education as many an ex-half-back has got in college. He is feeding his imagination on the easy-to-take products of a drug-store counter. The male he-man is nourishing his mind, and his emotions too, on sandwiches instead of roasts, on soda-water instead of good drink. No one can seriously question this fact.

And yet, nothing said above should be construed as a criticism of magazine literature, which is criticizable, of course, but not on the ground chosen for this editorial. Many a devoted book-reader would be well advised to spend more time with magazines. They are closest to the moment, richest in the immediate reflection of rapidly changing life, able to capture a fleeting interest before it expires. One reason for the quick, if brief, response of the American mind to stimulus, is that it is trained by the American magazine. But not even fifteen magazines are a substitute for one good book, written to last, and read to remember.

H. S. C.

The Unpredictable

BY THEODORE MORRISON

AT a node in the autumn sky
Where contrary windflaws crossed,
A bird running bright on the air
Was caught by the wings and tossed

Head over heels in its flight,
Plucked down in a dazzling fall.
Its plumage was blown into rags.
It glittered like spray in a squall.

The vast blue circle of space
Tilted up on its edge like the sea
Leaning over a ship in storm,
And the scheme that was meant to be

When the world was framed for flight
Became of a doubtful worth
As the ground stood up in the air
And the sky slid under the earth.

The bird was staggered and shocked.
Its deft wings tripped in their beat.
A stiff scared thrust or two
Gained little against defeat.

But the reasonless flaws let go,
And quick as a fear can start
The bird was master again
Of its proper and rightful art.

Its course might never have chanced
Through a node where wild flaws crossed
As it dropped to its briery nest—
And not a feather was lost!

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Letters to the Editor: *Open Letters to the Author of "Open Letter"*

From a Writer

SIR:—My fervid congratulations on the article written by "Your Favorite Writer." It was a cry that must have reverberated in many an author's palpitant bosom. "Your Favorite Writer" has posed the problem pointedly—even poignantly—but she has barely attempted to solve it. Perhaps a solution is impossible. Perhaps no one can draw the delicate line between the obligations of the artist as artist and the artist as social creature, universal friend, and Constant Correspondent.

Nevertheless, one of my friends has attempted a way out. This is the card which Rockwell Kent mails to his clamoring correspondents.

> In order to carry out work that I have undertaken, I have moved out of reach of all correspondence. It is in pursuance of my instructions that this card of explanation and apology is being mailed to you.

The card is furnished with Rockwell Kent's charming colophon and concludes with a facsimile signature. Who could ask for anything more?

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
Elizabethtown, N. Y.

From a Reader

SIR:—I appreciated and understood the "Open Letter to the Reading Public" in this week's *S.R.L.* as greatly as though I were a fellow member of the anonymous author's profession instead of an office girl.

If there is any way of conveying my lay reader's appreciation to the author, please do so, and call her attention to the fact that no answer is expected.

MARY JEAN RUSSELL.
Berkeley, Cal.

Double-Crostics and Dictionaries

SIR:—May I add a bit to what Will Irwin and Carolyn Wells have written about the Double-Crostics? I think Miss Wells is right! I take the *Review* at my office, so I have to use my own meager knowledge, as the only reference book we have is a dictionary, and not a large one at that. After I am stumped (I always am) I look into the dictionary, even going so far as to look through a lot of mu's to find a certain word (some job!). Then I can't wait to get home to finish the puzzle and my boss notices that I am a bit restless and unhappy, and after a few hints, I generally can get off much earlier than usual. Then out comes my Bible, Shakespeare, English Literature, History, and even Classic Myths, and I start again. Of course I do the darn things backwards too, often guessing at words in the text, and when I finally finish the puzzle about 8 o'clock I remember I have not had my dinner yet! I think that it would be better if I did not take the *Saturday Review* as even if I have a good book (there are a few) I can't concentrate when the magazine comes and have to start the puzzle. I really don't believe anyone, even the men on "Information Please" could do one without some reference book. If he could, he should get a medal. After I finish the puzzle, I then read the magazine. I might add the reason I have so much leisure in my office is that we are in the lumber business, and the Port of S. F. is tied up quite often.

MILDRED MIEL CLIFFORD.
San Francisco, Cal.

"Well, so long, Margie! See you in church!"
(Addenda to Literature: Number 9)

A Letter to Authors

DEAR AUTHORS:—The pioneers having been nicely settled, the wars thoroughly investigated—can't you please give us something beside historical novels? *Not labor novels either!*

I have a most discriminating clientele and have a great deal of trouble finding worth-while novels for them, for with one accord they all say they are so fed up with historical novels, they will be forced to take to reading murder stories, if something else is not forthcoming, and that right early!

Yours distractedly,

L. O. M.,
A very worried librarian.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Zona Gale, Winsor McCay

SIR:—I am engaged on biographies of Zona Gale and Winsor McCay, and am interested in any letters readers of the *SRL* may have. I am most anxious to obtain a file of the Little Nemo in Slumberland comics, drawn by McCay from 1904 to 1914, and again from 1924 to 1927. If any readers have in their possession letters of Zona Gale or Winsor McCay, or copies of McCay cartoons and comics, I would like very much to hear from them.

AUGUST DERLETH
Sauk City, Wis.

"May We Have Brotherhood"

SIR:—I enclose a copy of a poem taken down at a lecture. Probably is partly incorrect, but can anyone give the author, etc.?

Come clear the way
Blind kings and creeds have had their way
Break the branches from the path
Our hope is in the aftermath.

Our hope is in heroic man
Water and land to build the world again
To this event the ages ran
May we have brotherhood
May we have man.

Information will be greatly appreciated.

EMILY HOWE FISK.
Joliet, Ill.

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Tahitians on a Boat-Ride

NO MORE GAS. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

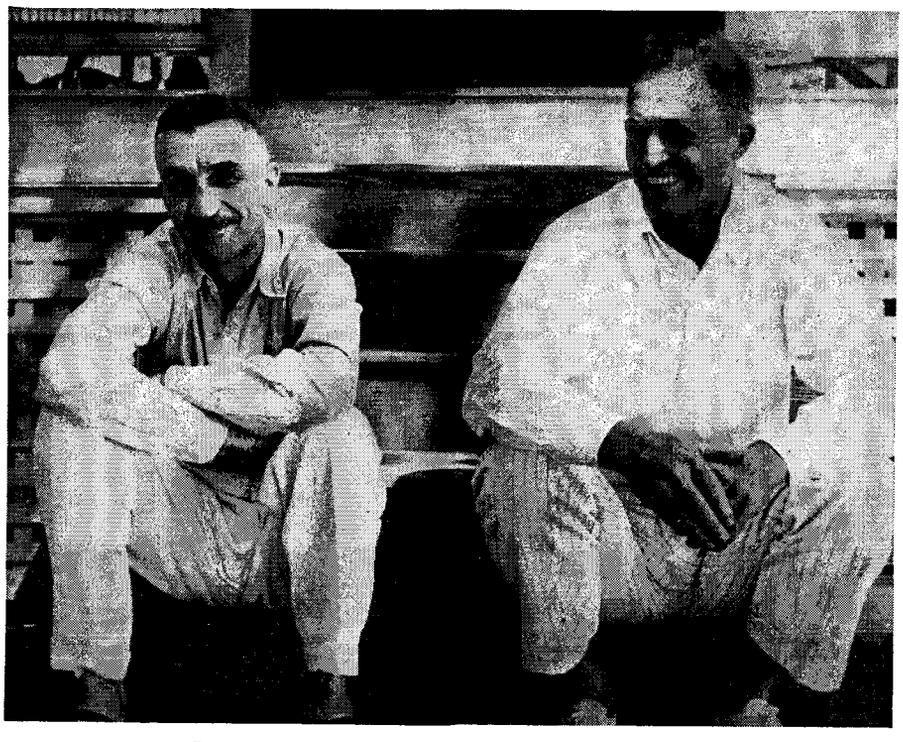
SERIALIZATION in *The Saturday Evening Post* is financial Parnassus for a novelist. A thought-saving cliché among the critically smart, and the instinctive jealousy of one practitioner who sees another rake in the folding money, combine to arouse the cry of "commercialization, loss of standards," and so forth. And as a matter of fact, an ardent admirer of the *Bounty* books has to draw back and take a deep breath if he is to give fair consideration to "No More Gas."

To begin with, the material is deceptively delightful. It is a description of people so utterly irresponsible and so likable that the introduction of deeper, tragic tones would be unreasonable. We have an inclination nowadays to be afraid to praise any book which merely gives us a very good time.

Yet it is no small achievement to handle the whole family of Tuttle-ma, the Tahitian descendants of old Enoch Tuttle, with all their hopelessly slack, spendthrift, foolish ways, and at the same time give so clear a picture of them, developing their virtues so well, that the reader does not finally sicken of them or set them down as caricatures. The authors have achieved this in regard to the family as a whole, and to many individuals, above all in Jonas, the head of the family, who comes out whole, vivid, credible. I am inclined to believe that people like Tuttle-ma exist, and that much which looks on the surface like merely selecting the most popular possible incongruities, is actually a pretty good job of analyzing the workings of culturally and racially alien minds. Maugham has looked in upon families like this from the white man's point of view; Nordhoff and Hall confine themselves almost entirely to the way in which they see themselves.

The technique one expects from these authors is all there, with a new gift of plain fun added. Once they get their young men out in a boat, one recognizes the familiar strength of the writing. Perhaps that is the payoff: that the boat passage carries the ring of artistic authenticity, and encountering it, one is aware of a change. The subject is one which, on the whole, allows only of light writing, and the authors have confined themselves to that.

Any writer knows the unreasonableness of the demand of critics and the public, that he be consistent. If a painter turns out one great painting in twenty he is highly acclaimed, but novelists get no such leeway, and they are under an infuriating demand always to use the same type and weight of subject. "No More Gas" has all the quality of a pause, of a clever exploitation of a bit of particularly juicy material by two masters in their craft. It is not "important." It is delightful. It will make a lot of people in this harassed nation wish they could take the next boat and go to live with Tuttle-ma.



James Norman Hall and Charles Nordhoff: "Any writer knows the unreasonableness of the demand . . . that he be consistent."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

PERIOD PIECE: The Life and Times of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. By Jenny Ballou. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 286 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

"PERIOD PIECE" is itself a period piece—in method of biography it goes back to the halcyon early twenties when the shadow of Lytton Strachey was long in the land and no intellectual undergraduate felt really well dressed without a copy of the *American Mercury.* But, while Miss Ballou knows the words, she doesn't know the tune. There is a real story to be told of the barefoot Wisconsin girl who became the Poetess of Passion and the Sibyl of Short Beach—there is a real story to be told of her times. Unfortunately Miss Ballou has chosen to tell it in the most exasperating manner possible. She skips back and forth in time, she starts hares that she never runs down, she comments upon Theodore Roosevelt and the Chicago World's Fair, upon anything and everything that might conceivably bear upon her subject—and yet, in the end, presents neither the clear and vivid portrait of a woman nor the picture of a time. The apparatus is there, the carefully selected photographs, and the semi-Stracheyesque descriptions, but the book itself is a jumble.

It has its entertaining moments, largely owing to Ella herself, but the author never seems quite sure whether she is writing a life of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, attacking "the bitch-goddess, Success," or trying to write another "Mauve Decade." It is a pity for, as Miss Ballou justly observes, in speaking of Mary MacLane: "In some respects, the examination of the underworld of literature proves more fruitful in Americans than the study of the upper strata." There is a real job to be done there—on the cornfield Bashkirtsieffs and the would-be Zolas who never got to first base, on such different yet characteristically American figures as Brann the Iconoclast and Robert W. Chambers—yes, even on James Whitcomb Riley. But Miss Ballou hasn't done it. As the biography of a woman, her book wavers uncertainly between debunking and uncritical admiration—as the history of a period, it lacks focus, sharpness,

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and proportion. The last chapter is an astonishing mixture of jejune rhetoric and uncritical literary criticism. When Miss Ballou remarks triumphantly of American writers prior to 1929, "They were all *Damaged Souls;* they had all crooked the knee and there was no way out of the mess: Emerson gave out finally and had to be told how to spell his own renowned name . . . " even a first-year medical student might point out to her that, when men grew old they sometimes become senile, and that the fact that they do so neither vitiates the importance of their previous work nor the intellectual integrity they brought to it in their prime. And when she seriously drags out the damaging disclosure that Gamaliel Bradford, "for all his fine-textured learning," actually read detective stories, one is tempted to remark, with Falstaff, "If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!" But Miss Ballou will have none of such levity—she is far too busy with omens and prognostications. "For what was the true meaning of Howells's fur-lined coat, of his hungry passion for Tolstoy, and his hiding behind *Altruria?*" she cries, in a warning voice.

Well, I'll bite. What?

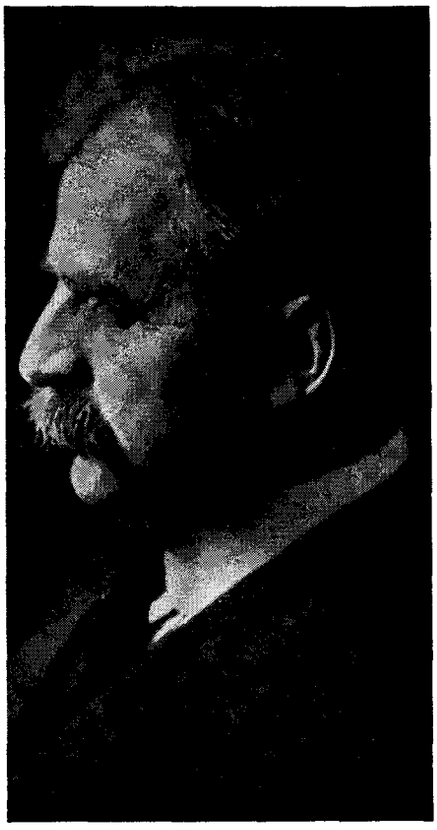
American Fin-de-Siècle

(*Continued from page* 4)

and the *Criterion* peppered the rim of the century with satiric naughtiness.

James Gibbons Huneker rushed into the nineties driving a dozen horses and tumbling over between them. He had more energy, knew more people, retailed more gossip, wrote more books, drank more beer, and disseminated more information on the artist's life than any other writer of his time. He repeated himself endlessly, told the same anecdote about Liszt in his third book that he told in his thirteenth, drenched everyone within reach with his enthusiasm; but almost singlehanded he brought the new currents in European art and thought to America and made them fashionable. He was the only critic of his time who could introduce the works of Stanislaw Prybyszewski to the public and not be ridiculed. He knew everything that floated on the surface of the world's thought, and he told everything he knew over and again in at least a dozen newspapers and too many books. No man who worked so hard to be the Johnny Appleseed of his time could help being superficial. He knew it, and it was his greatest regret.

Huneker's subject was genius. He cared for little else, and knew almost nothing of the progressive organization of ideas, the history of forms, and the enveloping background of society that mould a literature and evoke the epiphenomena of individual creation. A hobo of the arts, Benjamin de Casseres called him; he shambled between the monuments like a caretaker in a museum, dusting, admiring, resorting, always relabeling. His mind was fixed on labels: where he could not find the phrase for the man, he could not fix the reputation. Yet his gusto was such that he disseminated ideas as he walked. Intensely rhapsodical, he had a musical sense to give him the tonal equivalents for literary characteristics, and his essays resound to a symphonic drama in which the life of every artist falls into place.



Hamlin Garland "displayed the opportunities for an American naturalism" . . .

Much of him remains. He had a sure instinct for what was flashy and cheap in the swirling currents abroad, and what was fated to remake old traditions. His twin pillars were Wagner and Ibsen, architects of a new world, who haunted him, as Ludwig Lewisohn has said, and set the standard of sheer ecstasy which he was to continue to seek all his life. He brooded wryly over his own pronouncement, "a critic is a man who expects miracles," but he sought to realize what he had so excitedly anticipated, and to proclaim the freshness and the wonder of discovery.

An esthete Huneker never tried to be; Vance Thompson and Henry Harland, who perhaps desired to be nothing else, succeeded only in lisping in French. That role was reserved for the elegant Edgar Saltus, who drifted through the period on his way from the loyal but acidulous novels of New York society he had written in the eighties to those fantastically overstylized books that were to earn him briefly a recaptured reputation in the twenties. He was the only genuine decadent our colonial *fin-de-siècle* would boast, a man strangely without a core one can touch at the center, but possessed of a rounded mind that stocked itself with the will to disbelieve in an effort to gain some apparatus of belief. In most writers who fled from the home shores, one is conscious of the effort at alienation, of a profound uneasiness, like homesickness, that steals through their books to echo the confession of their own incapacity. They tried to make up for their anemia (always laying it to the anemia of the Ohio or Indiana village) by wallowing in a foreign excitement; they tried to believe that a more gracious literary society abroad, or the living stimulation of a tradition expanded by discipleship, would supply the words they could not find in themselves, or that the little lamps they lighted so tremblingly in foreign countries would shed a greater light in rooms darkened the centuries down by the tapestry of European history. Saltus's pretensions were those of a tragic mind that was homeless by instinct, but which clung to Europe because there it had greater room to swing in. He oscillated between elaborate theories of the unconscious (notably Von Hartmann's) and the bric-à-brac of historical tattle; his stories, his novels, his pretentious philosophic manuals, poems, and translations were charts through a darkness that he could never hope to flee.

Out of this welter of enthusiasms that gave no clue to the future, and exotic truffles that threatened only the worst for it, emerged the one figure who sounded the possibilities open to his generation, though he fulfilled so few of them himself. For his own time Stephen Crane stood as the "marvellous boy" in the tradition of Chatterton, Keats, and Aubrey Beardsley, the fever-ridden, rigidly intense type of genius that dies young, unhappy, and the prey of lady biographers. Everything he wrote in his twenty-nine years seemed without precedent. Before him Harold Frederic and Hamlin Garland had displayed the opportunities for an American naturalism, but their outlook was confined to local grievances and was expressed through a local temper. Take away the conditions that made for Populism and the politics evoked by them, and

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Garland vanishes. Nothing conventional will explain the disposition of Crane's mind toward naturalism, neither the depression of the nineties, whose significance never troubled him, nor the classic texts of European naturalism in Flaubert and Zola, of which he was mostly ignorant. He was a naturalist, one is tempted to say, by birth; but there is nothing in the placid Jersey parsonage of the Reverend Jonathan Crane that explains the grim finality of mind that occupied his fourteenth child. It is too simple to say, as Matthew Josephson did in his "Portrait of the Artist as American," that Crane had a secret disaffection born out of his father's martyrdom in the service of Methodism and its apparent futility in the face of the world's irreligion. The surest thing one can say about Crane is that he cared not a jot which way the world went. No one was ever less the reforming mind; and revolutions were something foreigners went in for that Hearst would pay good money to report. He accepted the world always, hating it always, plotting his way through its storms alone with a contempt that was close to pain.

The truth seems to be that he had the ruthless literary c o u r a g e, as Thomas Beer suggested, of those who are afraid. Life tossed him up and down like a cork. To his last days he was tormented by disease and insecurity, greedy friends and witnesses of his genius who thought him a strangely convivial crank, stupid editors and pristine reviewers, and the doltish open mouth of the public, pointing, giggling, and retailing stories. Crane never had a juvenile period, a time of test and error, of expansiveness and human indirection. The hard, fixed boundaries of mind which hold his books like iron clamps were set early; all through that miserably unhappy life, even in the first days of glory when "The Red Badge of Courage" fell out of the heavens, one sees him as Conrad saw him at the end in Brede Place in England, sitting in that baronial pile eating his heart out in hackwork, devoured by sycophants, always worried over money, with the suffering eyes that prod his life through and the absurd moustache that falls over his face like the mask of old age.

Essentially uneducated, his resources lay in his senses, by which he could see, feel, touch, and hate with all the fervor of his tight little body. He read little, and nothing surprised him more than when people who read his novels traced elaborately his debt to Zola or Tolstoy. "War and Peace," which he knew, struck up in him that boyish cockiness that flared at rare instances, and was one of his most charming traits. Tolstoy "could have done the whole business in one third of the time and made it just as wonderful," he laughed. "It goes on and on like Texas." As a novelist of war his link is with the future, not with those novelists in the past, like Stendhal and Tolstoy, on whom he was once supposed to have modeled his realism. Waterloo in "La Chartreuse de Parme" and Austerlitz in "War and Peace" are merely the scenes on which the heroes of these novels enlarge their knowledge; but the novelists of social protest after the World War, from Henri Barbusse to Humphrey Cobb, have attempted to arraign the morality of war on the level of Everyman. Crane's hero is a mass-man, the symbol made flesh around which war plays its havoc.

No one in America had written like him before. His book precipitately gave the whole movement of the nineties a sudden direction and a new impulse. When his first, paper-backed novel, "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets" was re-examined, its qualities were immediately exaggerated. Like his other ambitious story of New York tenement life, "George's Mother," the story suffers from an excessive hardness and that strangely clumsy diction that Crane never learned to smooth over. His greatest story, "The Open Boat," is an almost direct report of his own experiences in the Caribbean in the days when he was reporting the Cuban insurrection for New York newspapers. Its limpid power is drawn from those wonderful little touches that prove Crane the first great technician of the contemporary novel. His hack work is painful to read; even in buffooneries like his unfinished last novel, "The O'Ruddy," there is the sense of a wasted, almost despairing talent that flows over the whole silly business in silent derision. He could sound more like Richard Harding Davis than Davis himself in such trivialities as "Active Service," and play the Stevenson charm tune in the swashbuckling "The O'Ruddy" to a point where one can almost hear him laughing at himself. Yet it was not frustration that wore him out at the end, but his own weariness. His gift was never very rich; and writing much, he repeated himself in the minor key in which he had sounded his first distinctive notes. An old child, it was not only by his somberness that he anticipated the central instinct of the literature that was to come after. Pride and a thin, quaking splendor mark his first and last apotheosis: he foreshadows the American malady of one-book genius.

The foregoing article will constitute part of a chapter of Alfred Kazin's forthcoming book on American literature.

A Guide to the Seeing

I BEGIN AGAIN. By Alice Bretz. New York: Whittlesey House. 1940. 201 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by SYDNEY GREENBIE

MANY people live grimly on after being overtaken by tragedy. What makes this story of Alice Bretz remarkable is that blindness after middle age seems to have meant her fulfillment. Fulfillment and promise, so that she may write of her achievement as something "I Begin Again," not merely "I began again." Two years after losing her sight she as suddenly lost her husband. She hardly wept. She went right on her upward climb. Learning to walk, to read Braille, to sit in a chair, to live alone without servants, to go out and visit, shop, and dine at a fashionable restaurant, to lecture, and to write a book. And over all, being as sweet, as considerate, and as understanding as if there were not this veil over her eyes.

It has always been my contention that children should be trained to go to bed in the dark, so they may exercise their other senses. Mrs. Bretz is convincing proof of the value of such training. For with utmost good humor she puts to shame most of us seeing people for our want of observation. Friends, eager to help her, can't find what she just puts her hands on rememberingly. Everything has its place in her memory. Groceries on the shelf, so that she opens her canned food with precision. Her limitations are merely of range, not of definition or detail. Everything she touches, she sees far more completely than we do with our wavering attention. Her little book becomes then more of a text for the seeing than for the blind.

Mrs. Bretz insists on truth. She won't let us sympathize with her. Blind people who pretend to see color offend her. She has friends tell her the colors of her possessions, and remembers. She has developed a kindly humor not only toward human foibles, but to the nature of things.

One learns to be tender to things and a little more strict with fumbling humans who do not use their eyes. "The fear of being unsuccessful is only a matter of pride," she assures us. Through her book, many a resident of New York will see the city for the first time. "This New York is wonderfully friendly," she tells us, and then observes what few of us take time to think about, since the coming of motor cars, that "the strangest aspect of all streets is their emptiness."

"I Begin Again" should be read by all seeing people so that they too may begin again.

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A Reader's Almanac: Jan., Feb., March

BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

JANUARY

☞Looking backwards over January, a score and more books emerge from those published that should not be overlooked. *Verdun* by Jules Romains reads with uncanny prescience, a sense of foreboding as though it were written of the days now upon us. ☞*No Arms, No Armour* brought Robert Henriques the All Nations' Prize. A semi-psychological novel, semi-metaphysical, a sort of adventure in self-discovery, it is a vigorous though not a subtle piece of work. ☞Taylor Caldwell's *The Eagles Gather* deals with the fortunes and misfortunes of the decadent inheritors of *Dynasty of Death.* ☞Priestley strikes a surely popular human chord in *Let the People Sing,* though where it should be comedy it slips over the line into farce; where it should be pathos, it fails to cut below the surface. ☞There's infectious charm in a warm story of a Robinson Crusoe year in a fishing port of South Cornwall, in Leo Walmsley's *Love in the Sun.* ☞Josephine Lawrence once again uses a familiar human pattern for *But You Are Young,* and she's growing in knowledge of her craft. ☞*Portrait of Jennie* gives us back the Robert Nathan we feared we had lost; it's a hauntingly lovely book, remote from today's storm and turmoil. ☞*Mrs. Tim of the Regiment* shows D. E. Stevenson as E. M. Delafield, with less bite; it is nice reading about nice people, and without saccharine. ☞Martin Hare has made the lately destroyed Poland the real center of interest in her novel, *Polonaise;* the story and the psychological situation are secondary. ☞*Luke's Circus,* by Ruth Manning-Sanders, takes us down the hedgerows and byways of the open road of England, with a small traveling circus and a stage-struck small boy. ☞*Experiment* shows that Helen Hull has a gift for unforgettable revelations of undercurrents of human relations, in four short novels. ☞*After Many a Summer Dies the Swan,* by Aldous Huxley, is Huxley-plus, a strange gallimaufry of hyper-intellectualism, satire, fantasy, and erudition. The West Coast comes in for some heckling, adroitly introduced. ☞In mysteries, a new R. Stout, *Over My Dead Body,* produces the skeleton in the Nero Wolfe family cupboard. ☞Elliot Paul reintroduces H. Evans in *Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre.* ☞*Stand-In for Death,* by Margaret Echard, is a honey. ☞Balance in non-fiction is reasonably good. Two political flares in Jay Franklin's *1940,* in which he makes prophecies concerning the year and the decade ahead, and charts an ideal Progressive State. ☞And Rupert Hughes's *Attorney for the People,* an all too obvious political build-up for the candidacy of Thomas Dewey. ☞Erika and Klaus Mann present a plea for *The Other Germany.* ☞Peter Quennell turns back the leaves of history with *Caroline of England,* a scholarly and interesting picture of a great power in England. ☞Salvador de Madariaga goes even farther back in *Christopher Columbus,* presenting him with convincing arguments as a Catalan Jew. ☞Jenny Ballou makes of Ella Wheeler Wilcox entertaining material for an unorthodox biography in *Period Piece,* the story of a vogue that is outmoded. ☞Vera Brittain makes memorable tribute to a fine woman and a great artist in *Testament of Friendship,* the story of Winifred Holtby. ☞*I Begin Again,* by Alice Bretz, is a fascinating record of the barriers blindness brings to life. ☞H. L. Mencken's *Happy Days* will widen the audience of the "sage of Baltimore" with this mellow and nostalgic record. ☞Catherine Hayes Brown's *Letters to Mary* may take even the hurdle of sentimentality because the world loves Helen Hayes. ☞We'd like to suggest Oscar Levant's *A Smattering of Ignorance* as a good antidote.

FEBRUARY 1

☞Nordhoff and Hall's lively Tahitian *Wickford Point,* entitled *No More Gas,* leads off the month of February. ☞*The Star-Gazer,* a novel by Zsolt de Harsanyi, is based on the life of Galileo. A vital piece of fictionized biography, but we can't see it as a surely popular novel.

FEBRUARY 2

☞Maurice Hindus builds his novel, *Sons and Fathers,* around the conflict between the old Russia and the new, a conflict that must have ripped homes asunder. ☞*Life's a Circus* shows that a popular novelist, Lady Eleanor Smith, can make her own life (particularly a childhood), colorful and entertaining reading. ☞*Murder in Shinbone Alley,* by Helen E. Reilly, is tops, a puzzle *pièce de non-résistance.*

FEBRUARY 5

☞*The Dark Star,* by March Cost, has distinction of theme and writing, and again she concerns herself with aspects beyond the usual conception. ☞Alyse Simpson in *The Convent* records a year spent behind the walls, a tragic, wholly sympathetic appraisal, but revealing as illusion the hope that here is achieved peace. ☞*The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield* will prove treasure trove for her admirers, an intimate reflection of the artist and the woman, "crammed up like some rich thievery." ☞James Still's first novel, *River of Earth,* reflects many of the qualities of his poetry; a modulated still-life of a family of Kentucky mountaineers.

FEBRUARY 6

☞*How Green Was My Valley,* by Richard Llewellyn, cuts deep—in characterization, in vigorous scenes, in the portrait of life in a Welsh mining village; simplicity rubbing elbows with the heroic.

FEBRUARY 7

☞H. V. Morton, in *Ghosts of London,* is a sort of English Alexander Woollcott, hot on the trail of odd facts, full of the zest of sharing enthusiasms, a sort of corner on English antiquities. ☞Dan Wickenden proves in *Walk Like a Mortal* that he is a creative artist in the handling of adolescence. ☞Hunting a good Western? Try *Return of the Rio Kid,* by Don Davis.

FEBRUARY 8

☞A homespun tale in the best New England tradition, *Uncle Snowball* by Frances Frost. I loved it . . .

FEBRUARY 9

☞Eric Lowe is disappointing in his second novel, *Framed in Hardwood.* ☞*Since Yesterday* uses Frederick Allen's microscopic eye on the change and chaos and shifting sands of the 30's, crystallizing our memories for us, poking fun at household gods, having a good time making us see ourselves as others see us. ☞Dr. Eugen Steinach refrains from dramatizing himself in *Sex and Life,* which is a faithful record of forty years of biological and medical experiments, fascinating reading in spite of his reluctance to make it so.

FEBRUARY 12

☞*The Wabash,* by William E. Wilson, is one of the most revealing of the Rivers series. Its story is the stuff of which nations are made.

FEBRUARY 13

☞We pick *Dildo Cay,* by Nelson Hayes, as one of our favorites of the season. A tense story of racial conflicts against a Caribbean setting; a strange book, well done. ☞*News Is My Job,* by Edna Lee Booker, covers seventeen years of a woman journalist in China and tells about it with a quality wholly her own. ☞AND—watch for the release today of the winning titles in the National Book Award.

FEBRUARY 15

☞A red-letter day which brings us a new Dorothy Sayers, *In the Teeth of the Evidence,* a collection of rattling good stories. ☞I found Herbert Gorman's appraisal of *James Joyce* overmeticulous and somewhat wordy, but

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the Joyce fans wil consider it an important contribution to criticism.

FEBRUARY 16

☞Hermann Rauschning was, for a period, a Boswell to Hitler. This is the background for *The Voice of Destruction,* an enthralling and frightening book. ☞*The Years of Growth,* by Harold Sinclair, is sound as a novel of points of view and a period piece; as an emotional study it seems two-dimensional. The town is the protagonist and not the people. ☞There are new twists but a familiar ring of the old school Anglo-Eastern stories in *Sanda Mala,* by Maurice Collis.

FEBRUARY 19

☞Leslie Edgley's *No Birds Sing* is a bleak and very moving book, with terse, unsentimentalized, rawboned writing; a desolate "little man, what now?" But you can't ignore it. ☞Oh yes, H. G. Wells presents his formula for *The New World Order.*

FEBRUARY 20

☞*Decade 1929-1939* is a nondescript title for Stephen Longstreet's virile book. The "Old One" is grand company; of such men of guts is the best of capitalism woven. ☞Bill and Ruth Albee tell their own story as two rolling stones in *Alaskan Challenge.* ☞The "Tune Detective" (Sigmund Spaeth) gives us stream-lined versions of *Barber Shop Ballads.*

FEBRUARY 21

☞Pearl Buck shows that the job of being wife to a hero with feet of clay isn't all it might be in *Other Gods.* ☞Nevil Shute spins a good enough yarn in *An Old Captivity,* once you take off the outer layers, and this time he goes in for escape literature instead of social significance. ☞Two humdingers in the thriller field, Agatha Christie with a trick book, *And Then There Were None,* and a superlatively good yarn with total mystification in Paul McGuire's *Enter Three Witches.*

FEBRUARY 22

☞Mark Van Doren's *Windless Cabins* has an elusive, eerie quality in an unusual love story written with perceptive sympathy. ☞*Family Crisis,* by Sherlock Bronson Gass, gives a new twist to the chronicle school of writing, in an authentic story of the ups and downs of one family, who muddle through acute crises of living. ☞Not since *Laughing Boy* have I found an Indian story I could whole-heartedly recommend until now, with Iola Fuller's beautiful *The Loon Feather.* ☞Kathrene Pinkerton's further adventures are called *Three's a Crew,* but might bromidically have been called *Nautical Wife*—delightfully human record of years of cruising Northwestern waters.

FEBRUARY 23

☞Erskine Caldwell again in the Deep South of his earlier work, with *Trouble in July,* grim, vigorous, harsh but sardonically humorous. ☞Another side of the shield is shown in a dark horse candidate for honors, *Show Me a Land,* by Clark McMeekin, with a character in Dana that should be a good runner-up for Scarlett O'Hara honors. ☞Take an evening off with Susan Wells's *Footsteps in the Air,* plenty of gore and a slick job with dialogue patterned to 1940.

FEBRUARY 26

☞MacKinlay Kantor's name is on *Cuba Libre,* but this short novel reads more like Hemingway in his prime. ☞In *The Great Debureau,* Francis Kozik has written the life of the Charlie Chaplin of his time. ☞Harry Harrison Kroll taps the sources of his own deep knowledge of the South for *The Keepers of the House* and creates a ruthless character in Lett Capers. ☞And another facet of the South is shown in Leslie Ford's mystery romance, *Road to Folly.*

FEBRUARY 27

☞Good meat and potatoes fare in Ben Ames Williams's *Come Spring,* historical fiction without fancy trappings.

FEBRUARY 28

☞Osa Johnson (better known as Mrs. Martin Johnson) tells what it is like to be a "comrade in the wilderness" in *I Married Adventure.* ☞Round about garden America Julian R. Meade goes, and immortalizes his record in the delightful *Bouquets and Bitters.*

FEBRUARY 29

☞A candidate for the *Bambi* laurels, *The Last Hunt* by Maurice Genevoix, has an eerie quality uniquely its own. ☞Hervey Allen does his bit towards neutrality with two stories of the Great War, *It Was Like This.* One of them is a modern *Message to Garcia.*

MARCH 1

☞Let's lead off with *The Trees* by Conrad Richter, in which the promise of *The Sea of Grass* comes into its own, with a novel of the frontier with its cruelty and its beauty. ☞Then a powerful study of fear and hatred and racial bitterness in *Native Son* by Richard Wright. ☞*Gentleman of Stratford,* by John Brophy, gives you Shakespeare to the life; it's good reading. ☞For lighter moments, a "change-partners" romance by Margaret Culkin Banning, *Out in Society,* is good gallivanting. ☞Frances Winwar has the best chance for a popular success since *Poor, Splendid Wings* in *Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties.* ☞*The Happy Land,* by Eric Knight, is a forceful and harrowing picture of a Yorkshire mining community, with the district at a standstill—a story of the making of a ghost town.

MARCH 4

☞Plenty of literary chitchat to embroider a slightly sentimental tale in *Mr. Beamish,* by Hugh Richmond. ☞Sound research and solid reading in a post Civil War novel, *Spring Will Come Again,* by Florence Glass Palmer. ☞A Walter de la Mare sort of thing, *Ake and his World,* by a Swedish writer, Bertil Malmberg, is a disarmingly tender story of childhood, a bit precious.

MARCH 5

☞Bitter disappointment in E. Arnot Robertson's long awaited *Summer's Lease,* which seems to us tediously prolonged, an unresolved study in adolescence, virtually humorless. ☞W. R. Burnett spins a first-rate gangster thriller, with sympathetic overtones, in *High Sierra.* ☞A popular English novelist, I. A. R. Wylie tells her own story in *My Life with George.* The first two-thirds are worth the gamble on the rest. ☞A fast paced epic of the Columbia River in a fine frontier novel, *Swift Flows the River* by Nard Jones.

MARCH 6

☞A good Perry Mason yarn from Erle Stanley Gardner, *The Case of the Baited Hook.* ☞Fun reading and delightfully told, Grace Taber's *Harvest at Stillmeadow,* the record of how two families joined forces and made a go of a country house and a presumably commercial kennel.

MARCH 7

☞Meticulously thorough but uninspired biography of *Calvin Coolidge* from Claude Fuess.

MARCH 8

☞Frank Swinnerton stages something of a comeback in *The Two Wives,* a story revolving around a little English comedian and his yearning to play straight drama. ☞Flagrantly fictionized biography in *The Private and Public Life of Socrates,* by René Kraus. ☞Noel Coward's plays, *Curtain Calls,* are better reading than most short stories. ☞"Professional exiles," camp followers of catastrophe, form the pattern for Martha Gellhorn's *A Stricken Field.*

MARCH 14

☞Kay Boyle's sense of mood, her use of implication, her tensity give the three short novels in *The Crazy Hunter* sharp dramatic impact. ☞*The Major Has Seven Guests,* by Constance Wagner, is a goody, straddling the thriller and good fiction fields, with the setting a small Balkan Fascist country.

MARCH 19

☞A frontier Mrs. Wiggs is *Mother of the Smiths,* by Lorraine Carr. And there's something of the quality of *Giants in the Earth,* with a salting

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of irony and humor. ☞One gets more of Edwin Arlington Robinson in his *Selected Letters* than is revealed in his biography. Disarming, unstudied, engaging. ☞Elizabeth Seifert once again bids for the *Men in White* market with *Thus Doctor Mallory,* a story of medicine without compromise.

MARCH 20

☞*Clara Schumann,* by John N. Burk, is a musical biography, the story of a great romance, a great tragedy, and a great friendship. ☞Welcome back to the ranks, Susan Glaspell, with a noteworthy novel, *The Morning Is Near Us.*

MARCH 21

☞Maurois gives us a pseudo-inspirational discussion of phases of life in *The Art of Living.* One senses a bit of the platform note in its rhetoric.

MARCH 22

☞Sinclair Lewis tapped his own experience in summer theater for the minutiae of *Bethel Merriday,* a likable story of a stage-struck small-town girl and the lower rungs of the ladder to success. It's not a brilliant satire, but it is good entertainment. ☞Gwen Bristow has a flair for hitting off the popular taste and she does it again in *This Side of Glory.* ☞There's a new Conrad Aiken, *Conversation,* which we've not seen, domestic crisis in a normal household, and an honest and happy ending. ☞Meyer Levin, whose *The Old Bunch* won critical acclaim, gives us a long, powerful, photographic novel of a Chicago steel strike, *Citizens.*

MARCH 25

☞A story of modern business, and a disillusioning picture it is—*Their Own Country,* by Alice Tisdale Hobart. ☞The roots of our religious pattern are studied in the late Ernest Sutherland Bates's *American Faith;* he has retold American history in the terms of its religion.

MARCH 27

☞Time off for a good thriller, *Finders Keepers* by Geoffrey Homes, breezy word-slinging for a smooth job.

UNCERTAIN DATES IN MARCH

☞In *Night Bell,* Kenneth Horan shifts to fiction with a facile story of a hospital seen through the eyes of the doctor's wife; distinctly on the distaff side, but pleasant reading. ☞*The Corpse Steps Out,* by Craig Rice, supplies a well-paced, racy murder yarn, not grade A as a brain teaser but tops in entertainment value.

We have given you accurate information to the best of our abilities, but don't hold us responsible for changes in publication dates and titles.

Miss Kirkus heads Virginia Kirkus's Bookshop Service, an independent organization which she originated, supplying advance information to booksellers on forthcoming publications.

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Tories at Work

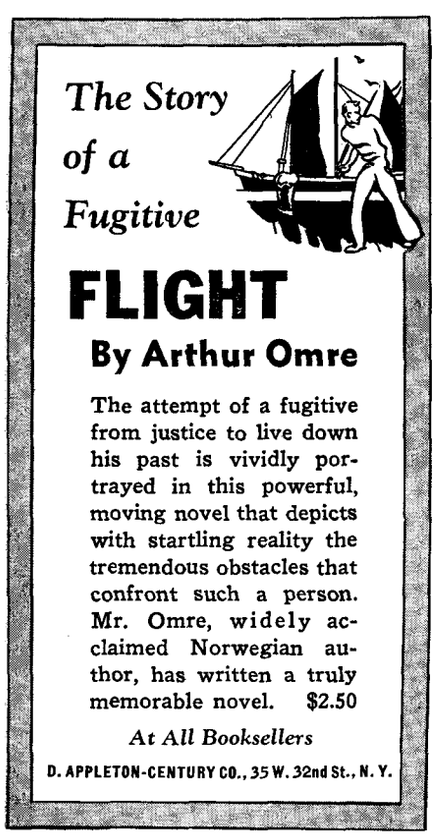
UNDER THE BRITISH UMBRELLA: WHAT THE BRITISH ARE AND HOW THEY GO TO WAR. By Helen P. Kirkpatrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 358 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES F. GREEN

ANYONE who has moved in the diplomatic and journalistic circles of Europe in recent years has probably met a tall, blonde reporter with an unusually keen and questioning expression. Helen Kirkpatrick by name, she is one of the younger members of that gallant company of foreign correspondents headed by Sheean, Gunther, Fodor, Gedye, and Dorothy Thompson. Like her illustrious colleagues, Miss Kirkpatrick is now contributing to the library shelf as well as the newsstand. A graduate of Smith College and a student at Geneva during the happier days of the League of Nations, she has been sitting by the bedside of European peace for the past eight years. After newspaper work in Geneva, Paris, and London, Miss Kirkpatrick recently collaborated in the *Whitehall Letter*, one of the many privately published newssheets by which Britishers circumvent their somewhat secretive press.

Miss Kirkpatrick here attempts that most difficult of tasks—to explain British foreign policy since 1931. After the formation of the National Government in that year, Great Britain consistently retreated from each strategic outpost—Manchuria, Ethiopia, the Rhineland, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia—until its final stand in defense of Poland. Was this a cynical betrayal of democracy and collective security by a clique of tired old Tories seeking only to save their own skins and shekels? Or was it the inevitable fumbling of a confused people, who failed to realize the implication of each surrender and who lacked the strength to act otherwise? Miss Kirkpatrick, leaning to the former theory, excoriates Simon, Hoare, Baldwin, and Chamberlain as short-sighted politicians who let their public down. At almost any point, she implies, a show of wisdom and courage might have turned the tide.

Like her fellow journalists, Miss Kirkpatrick is at her best when dealing with personalities. Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries, as well as minor British figures, are dissected with remarkable skill, and their devious maneuvers illustrated with many informative and often humorous anecdotes. Miss Kirkpatrick is particularly effective in painting the British background for their actions, for she describes with understanding and with considerable sarcasm the social system by which Britain is governed. Miss Kirkpatrick likewise resembles her colleagues in writing at too great length, in bringing in too many personal reminiscences, and in overlooking some of the broader economic and political trends which underlie foreign policy. Politicians follow as well as lead their public, and are often the prisoners of statistics, maps, and trade balances. Anyone, however, who is interested in British politics—at home and abroad—will want to read this incisive discussion of the Tories at work.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Lineage of Greed

MANNERS AND MORALS OF BUSINESS. By Max Radin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 270 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

SOMETHING of the serviceable muckraking technique survives in the writing of most books on what is wrong with the business mechanism. The method, however, long ago ceased to be merely factual and became analytical. A good, smashing exposé organized along the lines of not-too-difficult social, political, or economic doctrine provided the recipe for works as far apart, in other respects, as Berle and Means's book on the modern corporation and Arnold's "Folklore of Capitalism."

Professor Radin, who has written standard texts on Roman and Greek law and who is widely informed about various phases of ancient and medieval life, has chosen the historical approach to modern business, with results that are not too happy. The difficulty of such an approach is, of course, the necessity of showing a thread of substantial continuity running through the historical record; otherwise, what has history to do with it? The continuity, one would think, would have to be found in institutions, ideas, and types of organization successively developing in unbroken descent, each new form adapted to its particular era, but unmistakably linked with the past.

Of all the divisions of human life in which such a continuity might be looked for, "business" is perhaps the least promising. The break-up of the ancient world, of feudalism, of mercantilism, and of laissez-faire, have all been fundamental ruptures with the past, in which forms of business practice have disappeared. Usury, to which Professor Radin gives considerable space, furnishes an illustration. From being wholly condemned by the Church and all right-thinking people, usury was tolerated and was finally blessed (through the repeal of usury laws) as a means by which the central banks, charging usurious rates, might make the gold standard operative. Scarcely a century after that beneficent idea took root, we are nearly ready to conclude that Bank rate is no good, after all. The chain of development in attitudes toward usury lies in fragments.

Lacking a more tangible thread to string his historical business developments on, Professor Radin finds the unifying principle in human greed. This is a dismal thing to contemplate, and not a little difficult to fit into a systematic scheme, unless one is ready to deny altogether the apparent facts of material progress. Greed, apparently, is any propensity to accumulate goods beyond the extent of legitimate "needs," which seem to occupy an area between the bare subsistence level and moderate wellbeing. The idea of vastly expansible wants, increasingly satisfied through capital accumulation, which surely there is no difficulty in distinguishing from avarice, finds no place in the discussion. Capital, meaning tools, does not occur in the index; saving and investment are not indexed at all.

Some of the economic generalizations used by the author, particularly on the subject of money, are rather startling. Money "has greatly accelerated the growth of a class of rich men and has intensified the gap between rich and poor." Yet we know that one of the earliest effects of the use of money was to commute the services and payments-in-kind of the serfs, free them from the land, build up the towns (germinal centers of freedom in their age), and entice rich landholders to their destruction by converting them into spendthrifts.

However ineffective Mr. Radin's history may be as a springboard for landing us in the middle of the modern scene, it is interesting in itself and will repay the reader's attention. Some of the comments are highly illuminating and the pervading tone of protest against cruelty, rapacity, and deceit in business life gives the book a peculiar interest.

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Two Journals of the Revolutionary War

COLONIAL PANORAMA: Dr. Robert Honeyman's Journal. Edited by Philip Padelford. San Marino, Cal.: The Huntington Library. 1939. 86 *pp., with index.* $2.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR JOURNALS OF HENRY DEARBORN, 1755-1783. Edited by Lloyd A. Brown and Howard H. Peckham. Chicago: The Caxton Club. 264 *pp., with index.* $10.

THESE two journals add to our store of source-material on the Revolutionary period. Dr. Honeyman's two-months' account is the diary of an intelligent man of moderate opinions who traveled from Virginia as far north as Newport and Marblehead in the March and April of 1775. Like all conscientious travelers, he visited the principal points of interest: jails, hospitals, and public buildings; commented upon ways of farming and local differences; and told how bad the roads were. Meanwhile, wherever he passed, there were "companies of Gentlemen learning the military Exercise" and "the People all the way I traveled yesterday and today are furious in the cause of liberty." In other words, a revolution was brewing—but Honeyman was an honest man, not a prophet. He sets down just what he saw—and the fact that he does so may give all of us a queer feeling. Things have been disturbed for quite a while but they'll probably go on that way—he does not envisage the abrupt explosion to come, and neither would we in his place. He sees and describes "Lord Percy" riding through Boston at the head of his troops—but Lexington and Concord are still the unmentioned names of small New England towns. Well, that is the way the world wags—we ought to be able to appreciate it this year, if ever.

General Dearborn's journals, here printed in their entirety for the first time, are of greater historical importance, perhaps, though their human interest comes by fits and starts. The "patron saint of Chicago" served in the Quebec expedition, in the Saratoga campaign, through Sullivan's raid on the Long House, and the last campaign around Yorktown. Later on, he was Jefferson's Secretary of War, participated in the Bunker Hill controversy, crossed Jackson's path, and presided over the court-martial of Wilkinson. It is an astonishing record and, if Dearborn had one shade of the narrative gift of Pepys, his journals would be invaluable. Unfortunately, he has not. You feel that he is an honest man and a capable officer—honest, even, in his account of his own confused scramblings in front of Quebec and his subsequent surrender. But, being an extrovert and a man who did his job as it came to hand, he has few of these illuminating human sidelights to give which are the essence of good diary-writing. Now and then he notes such matters as "I eat part of a fryed Rattle Snake today, which would have tasted well had it not been snake." But such moments are relatively rare. The interesting and admirable biographical essay by Herman Dunlap Smith restores a semi-forgotten figure to its proper place in our history and makes us realize what men the men of the Revolution were. And the journals themselves contain fascinating material for the student.

It may be added that both volumes are admirable examples of bookmaking and both contain an index.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 305)

P. B. SHELLEY

THE REVOLT OF ISLAM

That land is like an Eagle .....
.....whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sunrise gleams when earth is wrapped in gloom;
An epitaph of glory for the tomb
Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,
Great People!

Exploding a Fallacy of American History

THE LOG CABIN MYTH. By Harold R. Shurtleff. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1939. 243 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. SHURTLEFF has brought together in this book sufficient evidence to explode once and for all the antiquarian fallacy of the log cabin, which has supplied so many books on our early history with pictures of houses in which our ancestors certainly never lived. He points out that the log cabin became in the nineteenth century a symbol of democratic origin of considerable political value, and hence was easily and naturally projected into the American past. In a running survey of building practices in the English colonies, Mr. Shurtleff proves with erudite detail that our log-cabin origins contain, at the most, a quarter-truth. New Englanders, Virginians, and Southerners alike, when they progressed from dug-outs or brush huts to a house, followed the English practice of a framed house, clapboarded, or took to brick and stone. The builders who emigrated from England knew no other way to build, and that they had to build crudely and loosely was responsible for the high incidence of diseases due to cold, damp, and drafty dwellings. It was only on the shores of the Delaware that the tight, warm, durable, and easily built log cabin solved the settlers' problem, although even here the English settlers failed to imitate the Swedish practice. And it was only when, in the eighteenth century, the later pioneers began to push through the forests, that the log cabin became a national heritage.

It was the Swedes and Finns who brought the knowledge of how to build a log cabin to America when they landed on the rocks of the Christina Creek in 1638. This was their rural construction in their home forests. Later, when the Germans arrived, also from a forest country, there was another race in our woods who knew how to build in this fashion. But credit for the great democratic symbol, and thanks for an architecture that made life in the American climate endurable for settlers whose tool was the axe, and material wood and clay, belongs to the Delaware Swedes. The book is fully illustrated with plans, photographs. and sketches.

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A Critical Study of China's Struggle

CHINA AT WAR. By Freda Utley. New York: The John Day Company. 1939. 310 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

MUCH of the material contained in this survey of China's struggle was collected during the author's visit to Hankow in the summer of 1938. At the outset it appears to cover the same ground as several previous studies of this period of the war. The Hongkong-Canton-Hankow itinerary is familiar, the same group of Chinese leaders is interviewed, and there are the inevitable difficulties of the trips to the front. The life of the set of foreigners at Hankow during that summer has also been well publicized.

But then certain differences, and important ones, begin to emerge. The author has taken with her to China a critical faculty which she uses to good purpose. Nothing, if she can help it, is to be accepted on hearsay alone, and every effort is made to check statements by observation. At times this effort seems almost to be carried to excess, as in the suspicion that the Eighth Route Army leaders do not really live on an economic level comparable to that of their troops. (This suspicion, by the way, could not be verified by observation, since Freda Utley did not visit the areas in which the Eighth Route Army was operating.)

In many respects, however, she sees most clearly, and exposes as fearlessly. This is particularly true in the field of what she considers shortcomings in the conduct of the war by the Chinese authorities. The chapter entitled "Can China Survive?" is the most convincing argument for the need of at least a modicum of social-economic reform throughout China, if the full energies of its people are to be enlisted in behalf of the national struggle. There is a similar forceful condemnation of the Western democracies for their failure to give China effective help—a failure which is today even more glaring than it was a year ago. For nearly two and a half years now, the West, and most notably the United States, has been Japan's arsenal.

Freda Utley also sees clearly that the establishment of Japanese control in China would mean an "arresting" and not a "development" of modern large-scale industry in that country, thus eliminating the market for capital goods which a free China would supply. The characteristics of Japan's economy, which the author has brought out in an earlier book, are such that China would be brought within an autarkic scheme in which its essential function would be the provision of raw materials rather than manufactured products. Any fully rounded development of China's industry would be rendered impossible, and by this fact the West would lose the chief opportunities for its future trade and investment.

Some of the ideas and interpretations thrown out by this volume may form the subject of argument and dispute, but that fact merely bears witness to its stimulating and provocative character.

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Jacobean Dramatists

STUDIES IN BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, AND MASSINGER. By Baldwin Maxwell. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1939. 283 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by W. T. Hastings

THE seventeen studies in Professor Maxwell's volume are excellent examples of modern exact scholarship. The majority are devoted to a reconsideration of the dates assigned to some of the later and lesser plays of Fletcher, principally with the help of topical allusions which can be approximately dated. The method is scrupulously fair and the conclusions are not pressed more than the evidence justifies.

Among the less technical essays one of the longest deals with changing attitudes toward the duello under King James I and its reflection in the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, which from about 1616 vigorously attack the practice. Another demonstrates that "The Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed," though it is loosely related to "The Taming of the Shrew," is not properly described as either a sequel or a counterblast to Shakespeare's play. In another Mr. Maxwell acutely criticizes inferences which have been drawn from the double titles of plays, and the lists of dramatis personae and of actors in the Beaumont and Fletcher Second Folio.

In his article on "Henry VIII" he rightly rejects the argument from parallels that Massinger had a share in the play. He also marshals considerable evidence against the now general assumption that Fletcher was Shakespeare's collaborator. This was worth doing, but the case remains inconclusive without concurrent consideration of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and the lost "Cardenio" (the latter perhaps the basis of Theobald's "Double Falsehood"), since from the three plays together a plausible theory of a Shakespeare-Fletcher collaboration in 1613 has been built up.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER IN SHINBONE ALLEY *Helen Reilly* (Crime Club: $2.)	Society model in bridal gown topples from Manhattan office building to death. Insp. McKee untangles snarled skein that includes another murder.	Family hates and subterranean connivings for wealth basis of typical McKee exploit — well-plotted, tense, and puzzling to end.	Highly satisfactory
CASE WITH FOUR CLOWNS *Leo Bruce* (Stokes: $2.)	Gipsy fortune-teller predicts murder in British tent-show. Sgt. Beef hears about it, joins circus and catches up with crime.	Some good character bits about performers, interesting circus argot, and flashes of Beefian humor, but atmosphere befogs plot.	Disappointing
GEN. BESSERLEY'S SECOND PUZZLE BOX *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Rich retired American general solves, from luxurious villa above Monte Carlo, variety of amusing and thrilling cases.	Suave, impeccably dressed, clever humorous and occasionally deadly little pieces. None very important but all entertaining.	Good time-devourer
STAND-IN FOR DEATH *Margaret Echard* Crime Club: $2.)	Hollywood star's stand-in murdered. Psychological motives behind crime followed to startling conclusion without benefit of sleuth.	"Why" more than "how" or "who" is what matters here. Trifle long drawn out but skillfully contrived and continuously interesting.	Good stuff
MURDER IN MINIATURES *Sam Merwin, Jr.* (Crime Club: $2.)	Death of emigré exiled Russian nobleman in sybaritic N. Y. apartment entangles his relative, an odd treasure hoard and Sergeant Lanning.	Toy soldiers, intriguing Muscovites, and avaricious slayer chief ingredients in high-tension tale. Payoff just a bit too unexpected.	Colorful

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The New Books

Art

LEONARDO DA VINCI: An Account of His Development as an Artist. By Kenneth Clark. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1939. 189 *pp., with index.* $5.

This brief biography of Leonardo as artist is the best book of its kind in English. It is based on lectures delivered at Yale, but this forensic origin is evinced only in an exemplary terseness and clarity. The style is sensitive and neat, free from that donnishness which impairs many English books on art. One feels an intelligent assimilation of French methods, but Sir Kenneth Clark's writing, in its quiet way, has more sap than its Gallic exemplars.

Considerations of space force a too summary treatment of a rather important book. The author's acceptance of the traditional early Leonardos marks the end of fifty years of confusion started by the purism of Morelli and prolonged by the early *Stilkritik* of his disciple Berenson. Now that the cycle has swung full, we take a modest satisfaction in recalling that we never bent the knee in the House of Morelli, but kept and even proclaimed the reasonable traditional faith.

It is Sir Kenneth's extraordinary knowledge of Leonardo's drawings that enables him to give his narrative a greater sense of succession and continuity, that is, a more genuinely biographical character, than is offered by the many previous brief lives of Leonardo. The author has the gift, strangely absent in many biographers, of suggesting that something is happening outside his own cerebration. One would welcome Sir Kenneth's opinion on a possible trip to the Levant by Leonardo, but the problem may have seemed to lie outside of the theme of Leonardo as artist.

The book is fully illustrated and of good and sober English make.

F. J. M., Jr.

Fiction

APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH. By Pamela Frankau. Dutton. 1940. 334 *pp.* $2.50.

Pamela Frankau can always—and it is a very enviable gift—draw a convincing portrait of somebody who is young and in love. In "Appointment with Death" the portrait is called Jane Scribe . . . poor Jane, moving and loving in a world full of caricatures. The greatest caricature of all is a political organization called Phoenix — just Phoenix—a subterranean affair which believes that the Right and the Left must go, also the past and the present, also party government and old men; and which ends by sweeping the country but not the reader—not this reader, at any rate.

Miss Frankau is a charming and lively writer, and even the intermittent onslaughts of Phoenix cannot destroy one's pleasure in her style. Indeed, one might go further and say that even those affectations which, instead of life, inform all her characters except Jane, cannot make her book unreadable. In spite of everything, she succeeds in turning the curious death of Sir Howard Norbolt into an agreeable and exciting problem. Sir Howard was England's Minister of the Interior, and a lot of people might have murdered him. His hysterical son might have done the deed, so might the egregious William Caesar, so might Jane's husband, Peter Scribe—a young politician who talks like the Oxford *Isis,* and whose corpse would better adorn a lamp-post than a gallows. The author's engaging style, together with an extreme desire to see at least one of these characters executed for murder, keeps one reading until the last page.

This is not one of Miss Frankau's successes; but it does not prevent one from looking forward to her next book. It is even possible to comfort oneself with the thought that perhaps she, too, does not take Phoenix seriously. Perhaps "Appointment with Death" is in some vague way a political satire, which would account for the extreme unlikeliness of the people in it. Perhaps. One would rather, in any case, that Miss Frankau had stuck to murder. As it is, her novel falls between a political satire and a mystery story —or two stools.

G. D.

CURTAIN GOING UP. By Sophie Kerr. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 334 *pp.* $2.

Nora, a beautiful and amiable redhead, writes a Broadway hit, regains a long-lost father, is jilted by a former lover, becomes disillusioned with both, and consoles herself with somebody "durable and dependable." The twist to the plot is that Nora finds these bourgeois qualities in her press agent.

There are entertaining glimpses of many milieux: Bohemian life among the phony and unsuccessful, Long Island life among the phony and successful, and the hurly-burly of the theater. Miss Kerr sets these scenes cleverly, and carefully reproduces mannerisms and phrases which are the occupational diseases of the people who live among them. Yet the conversation of the background characters is almost too authentic to sound natural; they are subtly analyzed and described, but not very thoroughly developed.

Since the heroine is pedantic (and impertinent) enough to set an old lady right on a quotation from the Bible, perhaps someone should remind her in turn that it was not "a man in a nonsense rhyme" who "only does it to annoy because he knows it teases"; and that "Emma of Mansfield Park" is one of the rarer Austen items.

K. S.

MEN IN CHAINS. By Thomas Ryan. Random House. 1940. 328 *pp.* $2.50.

The twelve narratives in this volume are bound together by the fact that they illustrate a single theme: men who have been mishandled by society, made to suffer, and then condemned—doubly martyred by being blamed for their own sufferings.

Of the narratives drawn from the past, the most impressive is the tragic saga of Spartacus, the Roman gladiator who sought to lead the rebel slaves to peace but was inexorably turned into a bloody marauder; it is the agonizing story of the great leader who descends to the level of brutish followers because he cannot desert them. Almost as vivid is "The Tyrant," a grotesque but psychologically convincing study of Tiberius Caesar, who sought love and friendship but was twisted by sardonic fate into the most hateful of men. The irony in these two is subtle and pervasive; in the story of the misguided Alexandrian whom the authorities jail and then subject to a torturous medical experiment, the ironies are obvious and the emotional values confused.

Of the narratives in modern setting the most effective, "The Coward," re-

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creates the suffering of a sensitive youth who discovers in a crucial test that he is an abject coward; it is masterfully blended of compassion and unsparingly painful revelation. But in others the thesis gets the upper hand and the result is not so much dramatic narrative as moral allegory.

The end effect of most of these stories may seem to be a revelation of the vileness of the human race, but what is not to be ignored is that their bitterness and contempt are not unmingled with pity and understanding. That is essentially why "Men in Chains" produces, at its weakest, merely didactic allegory, at its best, narratives of depth and power.

M. R.

International

HITLER'S 12 APOSTLES. By Oswald Dutch. McBride. 1940. 249 *pp.* $3.

In this interesting and readable book Mr. Dutch, a former editor of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse,* sketches the "Apostles of Evil" who surround Hitler. While throwing no new light on the careers of Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Hess, and a host of minor Nazi luminaries, he does perhaps succeed in making them better known to the American reader. His appraisal of the relative importance of the apostles is here and there open to question. Certainly, he overrates the present influence of Goebbels and Rosenberg. Nor is his book free from disturbing errors of fact.

J. C. de W.

Miscellaneous

AMERICA'S TREASURE. By W. Maxwell Reed. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. 395 *pp., with index.* $3.

The idea of presenting the resources of the nation in dramatic form in a single volume, the resources being what they are, could not fail to produce interesting results. Mr. Reed, who will be remembered for his very popular "The Earth for Sam," has applied the same enthusiasm which went into his earlier work to the present one. The results are quite exciting. A truly severe critic might take exception to the easy manner in which Mr. Reed brushes by some fairly controversial problems such as, for instance, the origin of petroleum, but as he does not actually convey what could be proved to be misinformation he may be excused on the ground that a work of this sort, intended apparently for boys whose demands would be more for dramatization than meticulous detail, cannot possibly be handled as if it were a textbook. It is not a textbook, but it is a beautifully drawn sketch of the fundamentals of our social, political, and economic life in terms of available materials. It is greatly to Mr. Reed's credit that in his category of treasures he includes human beings, the American people and their qualities. It is a good, sound book, which ought to please many adults as well as boys.

R. H.

HAWKS IN THE HAND. By Frank and John Craighead. Houghton Mifflin. 1939. 290 *pp.* $3.50.

For those who have experienced at first hand the beauty and fierceness of hawks, it is hard to imagine a more inspiring hobby than that on which the Craighead brothers embarked while they were still youngsters at school. In the few years that have since elapsed, they have handled or trained or kept as pets most of our familiar raptorial birds, from golden eagles to burrowing owls. They have also devoted many months to hunting out nests of birds of prey and, from the shelter of improvised blinds, photographing them at their domestic activities. Fifty-seven excellent photographs, included in this book of their adventures, bear witness to their success. Their hobby has required them to become expert human-flies, and much of the book relates their difficulties in scaling lofty precipices or great trees to reach the nests of peregrines, eagles, Buteos, Accipiters, and other wild quarry. The tale of these experiences is told in a straightforward, factual style, the two authors alternating in the role of narrator, and an extra chapter at the end gives some sound advice on the procedure of photographing birds. Unfortunately, the Craigheads are unskilled in writing; they never quite manage to lift their narrative above the level of a mere recital of events and incidents. The material, which should be enthralling, thus suffers from a lack of adequate expression.

L. J. H., Jr.

NEW CASTLE, DELAWARE 1651—1939. By Anthony Higgins. Photographs by Bayard Wootten. Houghton Mifflin. 1939. $10.

This beautiful, and excellent, book on the old town of New Castle, Delaware, gives to that remarkable colonial survival a permanent monument. It is primarily, of course, a book of photographs of the old houses which, fortunately, escaped the remodelings of the late nineteenth century because of the dormant condition of the town. These houses are practically all English in architecture, for the earlier Dutch structures have mostly disappeared; and they are to be found in entire streets. Thanks to the care of this generation, they have, in many instances, been excellently restored. It is open to question whether New Castle is not the best genuine survival of the colonial period to be found in the country, for while much less extensive than Williamsburg, it is the original thing itself.

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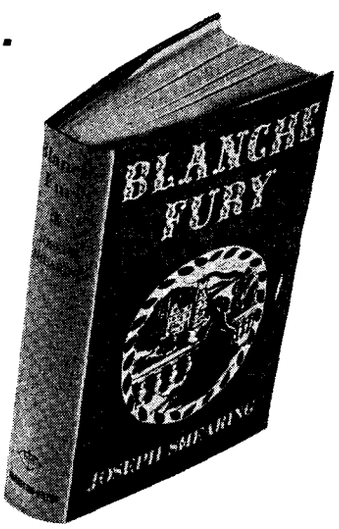

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history of the town in the hands of the Dutch and the English when it was the chief seat of the government for the Delaware River, its later history as a canal and railroad town, and then its slow decline into quiet beauty.

H. S. C.

BOOK OF THE BROADLEAF TREES. By Frank H. Lamb. Norton. 1939. 367 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Mr. Lamb's book on the deciduous trees is a worthwhile successor to his "Sagas of the Evergreens." This seems a happier combination of science and description which is the author's strength. His method is to write against a background of botany a rather personal study of trees in all their aspects, so that in a readable book one gets the whole history of a tree family with accounts of the finest known specimens. The book is extensively illustrated by photographs and is world-wide in its scope.

H. S. C.

Philosophy

CHARLES PEIRCE'S EMPIRICISM. By Justus Buchler. Harcourt, Brace. 1939. 275 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Recent attempts to overthrow the tyranny of words, conferences designed to promote the unity of science, trends toward "operationalism" in disciplines as apparently disparate as physics and sociology, and many other contemporary streams of thought owe part of their direction and much of their strength to the work of Charles Sanders Peirce. It was he who first enunciated the doctrines which came specifically to be known as pragmatism, who insisted upon experimentalism in philosophy as well as in science, who stressed the role of symbols and signs in human relationships, who recognized the social origin of knowledge and the public character of truth, and who amputated from the main stem of philosophy a number of traditional though meaningless questions.

Dr. Buchler systematically and comprehensively collects the distillate from this alembic of modern ideas. Writing in a technical fashion and distinguished by an exceptional competence, the author succeeds in clarifying the obscurities, inconsistencies, and very real difficulties in the philosophy of the man whom he regards as the "profoundest analyst in American philosophy."

R. B.

Poetry

WE WENT TO WAR. By H. D. Gallaudet. Coward-McCann. 1939. 116 *pp.* $2.

This book of brief sketches in verse is a sort of small and unpretentious "Spoon River" of certain Americans in the first World War. The author, a pastor and social worker till war broke out, commanded F Battery of

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the 303rd Field Artillery at the front, and speaks from first-hand knowledge. Staff and line are here, gunners and officers, a general or so, and the patrioteers at home. As poetry, Mr. Gallaudet's verse is no more than capable; as history, from its very simplicity and candor, it is something more. He doesn't pull any punches and he doesn't go in for special pleading. That's the way the thing was—these are some of the things that happened to certain average Americans. And, in spite of the amateurishness of some of his technique, his verses have a certain terrible timeliness. For, if it happens to us again, that's the way the Clem Beatties and the Bill Doaks, the Jock Buntings and the Captain McGraws will be.

S. V. B.

RACE WITH DEATH. A Collection of Poems. By Caroline Parker-Smith. Hastings House. 1939. 160 *pp.* $2.

The oyster of this particular turkey, so far as we are concerned, is *"La Cathédrale Parfaite":*

The nave of Amiens,
The choir of Beauvais,
The great portals of Reims,
The towers of Chartres, they say

Would make a Church magnifique,
Formidable, yet divine—
To fire the soul in beauty
And warm the heart with wine!

Please page William Empson, if he hasn't sailed yet. Please page him anyway. We want a note on that word "magnifique"; we want to know about firing the soul; we want to know if "they" "say" that the Cathedral would be a Pub, formidable yet divine. And seriously, since this is the nearest approach to poetry in the entire collection.

D. F.

War

WARFARE. The Relation of War to Society. By Ludwig Renn. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Oxford. 1939. 276 *pp.* $2.50.

Ludwig Renn, geboren Arnold Vieth von Golsenu, will never qualify as a prophet. Undoubtedly he is an excellent soldier, a skillful writer, and a clever tactician, with an admirable insight into military psychology. But the devious paths of power politics are beyond his ken, and wish-thinking can lead him astray in predicting military events. He writes that the aim of the Nazi regime is the destruction of Bolshevism. The humane and amiable Soviet Union is "not in favor of the bombardment of open towns." A lightning war in Poland is inconceivable because of that country's bad roads. Obviously this book was written just a few months too soon.

Ten years as an officer of the German Army, two and one-half years in a German prison under Hitler, and finally service in Spain as an officer on the Loyalist side summarize Mr. Renn's career and explain his hatred of Hitler and his friendly attitude towards Russia. His experience on the battlefields in the World War, and more recently in Spain, have been analyzed as case histories from which he deduces important tactical and strategical lessons. It is rare, indeed, to find a line officer who writes: "The economic basis of a country is one of the primary factors which determine its military system and its prosecution of warfare, and, if this factor is ignored by the government or by its military leaders, it inevitably spells great danger for the country in question." There is good common sense in his views on war's economic and social implications, which he supports with evidence drawn from military and naval history. Those portions of the book dealing with modern war are enlightening and written in a non-technical style that a layman can understand.

D. A.

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PERSONALS

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COLONIAL INN FAIRHOPE, Alabama, beautifully situated on Mobile Bay in the pines. Ideal winter home, every comfort, excellent food. Delightful climate. Fishing, Golf. Cosmopolitan town.

YOUNG MAN, now employed well paying position, desires change. Capable, intelligent, neat and all that, but tired. Want quiet, peaceful job requiring no accuracy nor hurry, one can forget at end of day. P. O. Box 1017, Jacksonville, Fla.

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PERSONALS

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn. A delightful place all year round. Hills, woods, and water. Excellent food.

16 DUPLICATE CONTRACT BOARDS $1.35. Duplicate Board Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

LET THE BOYS GUIDE YOU over mountain trails at Prade Ranch, picnic, take pictures in the Texas sunshine. Modern conveniences in a gorgeous wilderness. Leakey, Texas.

LADY, busy and not unhappy, but seemingly invisible socially in impersonal Chicago, seeks correspondence with mentally stimulating gentleman. Box 639-D.

WOULD BE INTERESTED to discuss the various symptoms attending myopia.—Myope.

ESCAPE BRIEFLY TO A RESTFUL, comfortable haven two hours from the city. Outdoor sport, fireside pleasures. Protestant family. The Farm on the Hill, Box 411, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

WORLD FAMOUS beautiful shells. Bright colors. Artistic designs. Dollar brings box 20 different kinds, prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 618-D.

NOTICE: New York Library Club Tea, February 3rd. Women's University Club, Hotel Biltmore. Four to six.

33 MILES SOUTH OF TUCSON, in a beautiful palo verde forest, a small guest ranch run by an artist, formerly of Chicago. Terms from 18 dollars. Please write ahead. Marguerite Gribi Kreutzberg, Curly Horn Ranch, Ruby Star Route, Tucson, Arizona.

POSSESSOR of charming farmhouse between Belfast and Camden, Maine, would open it for six weeks of winter sports combined with reading and writing. If encouraged by a few hardy spirits of similar tastes. Terms reasonable to cooperative guests. Mrs. G. L. de Schweinitz, R. F. D. 2, Bethlehem, Penna.

WESTMORELAND RIDING. 2,000 acre Connecticut River estate in New Hampshire. Jumpers. Hunt course. Trips. Shows. Charmingly "horsey" atmosphere. Booklet. Box 640-D.

ENTHUSIASTS COOPERATE careers, hobbies! Information. Arundel Society, Larchmont, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA. Young man will share his unique, distinctive residence, —reasonable. Box 641-D.

DOES ANOTHER Los Angeles SRL reader enjoy ice-skating, gay conversation, literate correspondence? Box 642-D.

IS ANYONE WILLING to part with that excellent but out-of-print cook book, FIFTY YEARS IN A MARYLAND KITCHEN? Please communicate, stating price. Box 643-D.

THE DIGNITY AND GRACE OF VICTORIANNA endure in the limpid notes of an old-fashioned music box. Descriptive list. Box 455-D.

BOOKHANDLING SEMINARS specially priced until June. Training for Bookselling, Collecting, Private Library care. Katharine Lord, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent, Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. 535 Geary Street. San Francisco, Calif.

GEORGE APLEY'S SUCCESSOR, submerged in Manhattan; unconfirmed diffident bachelor wishes interesting feminine correspondent with high ideals, tolerant mind, stout heart and playful disposition, not too clever. Box 368-D.

SCHOLARLY YOUNG GENTLEMAN, A. M., Literature, convalescing, would enjoy correspondence with cultured young lady. Box 646-D.

FOR SALE OR LEASE: 5-room all-year cottage on Lake Lenape; conveniences, boating. J. H. Brown, May's Landing, N. J.

WANTED—Trip to Buenos Aires this summer for clergyman's daughter, 21. College graduate. Experienced traveller, tutor, companion, secretary. Box 645-D.

MEXICAN EXPEDITION leaving Douglass, Arizona last of February. Tuition fee. Students interested, write. Box 644-D.

Double-Crostics: No. 306

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

						1-R	2-S	3-L	4-A	5-I		6-T	7-O	8-Q	9-P	10-Y	
	11-T	12-J	13-Q	14-I	15-M	16-K	17-U		18-U	19-E		20-O	21-N	22-T	23-I	24-E	
25-S		26-D	27-C	28-A		29-B	30-Y		31-O	32-X	33-N	34-K	35-B	36-L	37-E	38-T	
39-S	40-J	41-D	42-F		43-U	44-P		45-J	46-E	47-C	48-V		49-E	50-D	51-C		
52-C	53-I		54-X	55-W	56-S	57-B		58-D	59-M	60-R	61-T		62-D	63-N	64-S		
65-C	66-Q	67-K	68-J	69-Y		70-F	71-Y		72-H	73-S	74-P	75-D	76-A	77-Q	78-O	79-J	
80-L	81-B		82-D	83-U		84-P		85-I	86-D	87-Y		88-X	89-Y	90-B	91-G	92-F	
93-E		94-N	95-J	96-M	97-V		98-A	99-Q	100-H	101-B		102-D		103-G	104-F		
105-P	106-V		107-Q	108-G	109-V	110-U		111-S	112-N	113-H	114-R	115-O	116-Q		117-E	118-H	
	119-T	120-L	121-U	122-P		123-D	124-M		125-P		126-I	127-B	128-Y	129-W	130-K		
131-O	132-Q	133-L	134-I	135-X		136-F	137-N	138-D		139-E	140-N	141-A	142-H		143-F		
144-B	145-Q		146-X	147-O	148-M	149-N		150-I	151-E	152-Y	153-V		154-K	155-C	156-E	157-J	
158-X	159-W	160-A	161-H	162-Q	163-O		164-W	165-N		166-G	167-S	168-O	169-Y	170-Q	171-R		
172-N	173-G		174-M	175-W	176-Y	177-I		178-K	179-Y	180-E	181-C						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Ready and eager (2 wds.; colloq.)

B. Members of Malayan race (Philippines).

C. Dirge.

D. Hodgepodge (comp.)

E. Phantom in "The Ancient Mariner" (comp.)

F. Vampires, witches.

G. Negro religion of Ashanti origin.

H. Inventor of phonography (1813-1897).

I. Broadened.

J. Cudgeling.

K. Simulation.

L. Character in "King Lear."

M. American poet and essayist (1892-).

N. Low drinking resorts (comp.)

O. Spreading out; developing.

P. Important Vedic sun god.

Q. Egyptian king.

R. Newts.

S. Hero of opera "Aida."

T. Number of "Tables" in old Roman law.

U. Pseudo-Gaelic poem.

V. Osier willow.

W. Novel by Rousseau.

X. Negligent, slack.

Y. Combines into one.

WORDS

141	160	76	4	28	98					
101	29	35	144	57	127	81	90			
27	51	65	155	52	47	181				
123	41	58	62	75	86	138	50	102	82	26
24	117	93	37	151	19	156	180	49	139	46
92	136	104	143	70	42					
173	166	91	103	108						
72	161	142	113	100	118					
5	85	150	14	126	23	53	134	177		
40	12	45	68	79	95	157				
34	154	178	67	130	16					
36	3	133	120	80						
148	96	124	174	59	15					
140	112	63	94	165	172	21	137	149	33	
7	78	131	168	115	31	147	20	163		
44	125	9	84	122	105	74				
116	66	107	8	170	13	99	132	145	77	162
114	60	1	171							
167	2	39	64	56	111	73	25			
11	119	38	6	22	61					
83	110	17	18	43	121					
97	109	106	153	48						
129	164	175	159	55						
54	158	88	32	146	135					
71	89	176	152	179	10	87	169	128	69	30

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Period Piece

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Her Times

By JENNY BALLOU

THIS unorthodox biography does for the early 1900's what "The Mauve Decade" did for the 1890's. It is built around a rococo personality whose verses were notoriously passionate, palpably low-brow and phenomenally successful. Yet, in its essence, it is a deep-cutting study of a period and a way of life that today seems more remote than the Middle Ages.

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Here is the best travel book that has come out of the Orient in years.

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"One of the very best books on the romantic and exciting interior of China . . . brilliantly illustrated by the author." — *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $3.50

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Final Fix

ADMIRERS of the late Felix Riesenberg (whose book on the Pacific Ocean is being finished by Russell Owen, for Whittlesey House) will be affectionately interested in a message from Captain Francis E. Cross, master of the *S.S. City of Baltimore.* Captain Cross gives us Felix's position or final fix. He hove-to in Lat. 25° 49′ N., Long. 74° 30′ W. and committed the ashes to the deep at 11.36 a.m. ship's time, Dec. 20, 1939. "The day was one which Felix would have loved—fine sailing weather, the sky partly cloudy, wind moderate S.E., and the sun flashing on the waves."

☞Old Q.'s heart is heavy when he looks, late of evenings, over his seafaring shelves and all those honorable books dealing with man's clean hard-handed doings. ☞It is not good to think of the Narrow Seas in darkness, the air heavy with cunning, the washing oceans fouled. ☞A photograph of a pub in Rotherhithe, in H. M. Tomlinson's *Below London Bridge* (1934), gave us a needed lift. Over the doorway of the pub (the *Angel*) is a big and appropriate sign: COURAGE'S STOUT. ☞There are some superlatively good yarns in Dorothy Sayers's new volume *In the Teeth of the Evidence.* Look for them toward the end. The Wimsey tales that lead off the book are a bit anaemic. ☞What a grand movie title *Body Boots & Britches* would be: we hope some producer will purchase it from Prof. Harold Thompson of State College. ☞That book of upState high spirits is already in a 2nd printing. ☞Margaret Van Doren Bevans, who did handsome end-papers for *Body Boots & Britches,* also did such an attractive jacket for a recent novel that six other publishers immediately sought her services. ☞If he weren't where he is, very happily at work, Old Q. would love to be visiting New Zealand which is having a centennial. ☞It so happens that we were very nearly born a New Zealander: how, would require too long to explain; but we often study the islands in the atlas and think about their reputed scenery, and Sam Butler herding sheep, and Conrad's ship *Otago,* and F. T. Bullen's wonderful description (v. *A Sack of Shakings*) of Foveaux Straits and the great Solander Rock (off the Southern end of N. Z.) ☞We have never been able to understand how people can read literature without maps handy. ☞For this year's rereading of Conrad's *Shadow Line* we went down to Hammond's and got the admiralty chart of the Gulf of Siam so we'd know all the soundings in that story. ☞Houghton Mifflin Company are now sending out application blanks for their 1940 Literary Fellowships. ☞The annual Southern Authors' award was given this year to *Days Before Lent* by Hamilton Basso (Scribners').

☞Walter Spofford, librarian of the University Club, Chicago, very kindly tells us that the episode of Hazlitt losing his silver shoe-buckle on Cape Cod is reported by his son W. C. Hazlitt in *Four Generations of a Literary Family* (1897). ☞Rereading Hazlitt took us back also to Leigh Hunt, whose autobiography (World's Classics, 80c.) is one of the most charming books of its kind. ☞Happy to hear rumor that Doubleday's plan an omnibus reprint of Don Marquis's archy books, the ad-libbings of the lower-case roach. ☞Old Q.'s favorite recitations, when one over the eight, are two glorious pieces in *archy & mehitabel,* viz, "pete the parrot" and "the old trouper." ☞This is the season for goofy correspondence: people sit home in bad weather and write queer letters. ☞Here's a gent in Pennsylvania who says he won't subscribe to the S.R.L. because Old Q. never answered his appeal for an autograph, whereas Old Docs Canby and Benét came through like lambs. ☞Those boys are pushovers, but Old Parboiled Quercus is disillusioned and pachyderm.

☞The Biz. Dept. tells us that the Public Library of Salina, Kansas, won't renew its subscription until the Bus. Mgr. has sworn to the bill in the following formula: *"I do solemnly swear that the above is correct, reasonable and just, is due and remains unpaid. So help me God."* ☞Honestly you have no idea how comical a world it is until you've been dipped in the boblishing business. We pray constantly for strength not to reveal too much. ☞Bill Colescott of the Franklin Bookshop in Philadelphia reports:

> About ten days ago two shabby literati came in here and offered us a rare copy of GOODY TWO-SHOES. While they knew a great deal about the price of the book they knew nothing at all of the author or contents, which seemed rather suspicious. They began offering it for $200, came down to $25, and finally $10. We definitely refused it, but accepted the offer of a run of A. Edward Newton books and pamphlets, running back to 1896, for a few dollars each. They promised to return the following morning and when they did the constabulary were waiting to question them. They had not brought the Newtons, out instead a beautiful copy of OMOO, first edition. The Newtons were to follow, also PARNASSUS ON WHEELS.
>
> It seems, when their story was broken down, they had burgled the home of Mr. Frederick Bigelow, a well-known collector living in Haverford. They were quite ignorant of books and would never have lifted any except that Mr. B. kept clippings of auction records, catalogue prices etc. in the front of his volumes.

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